

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 10, 1956



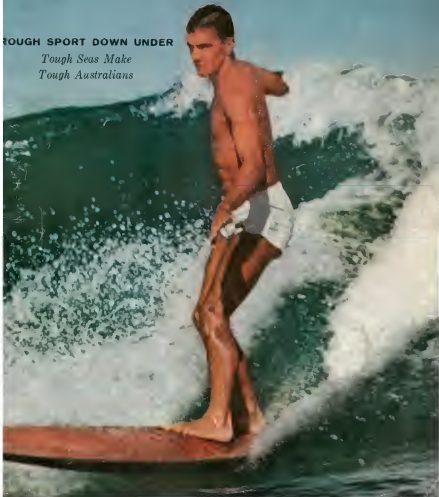
America's National Sports Weekly

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ROUGH SPORT DOWN UNDER

*Tough Seas Make
Tough Australians*





Carter's
KNIT BOXERS

Fashion under Fashion

- Soft, fine selected cotton
- Flexible knit fabric
- Seamless crotch
- No ironing needed
- Carter Set—
so wear them out of it

**"Toot your horn for
Carter's Knit Briefs, if you wish,
I'm tooting mine for Carter's Knit Boxers!
They're a smart new idea in man-comfort
... no ironing needed!"**



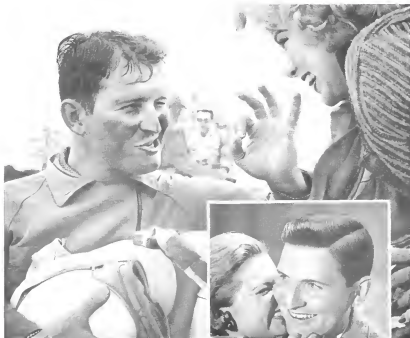
Carter's
BRIEFS

Fashion under Fashion

- Fine combed cotton knit
- Nova Vex front
and seamless seat
- Long life elastic
- No ironing needed
- Carter Set—
so wear them out of it

The John Galt Co., New York, N.Y.

Tattersall Knit Boxers \$1.65 ... Tattersall Briefs \$1.35 ... at these and other fine stores: BALTIMORE, Hilder's • BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Company • CHICAGO, EVANSTON, DAK PARK, Belden • CLEVELAND, The May Company • CINCINNATI, Saks • LOS ANGELES, Youder Bros., Inc. • DETROIT, J. L. Hudson • HARTFORD, Brown Thompson • LOS ANGELES, Silverwood's, Bullock's, Downtown, Westwood • MIAMI, Dick Richmond • MINNEAPOLIS, Dayton's • NEWARK, Bonbriger • NEW YORK, Arnold Constable, Franklin Simon, Waldbaum • PHILADELPHIA, John Wanamaker • RICHMOND, Miller & Rhoads • ROCHESTER, Sibley Looney & Carr • SPRINGFIELD, Forbes & Wallace • TOLEDO, Larned's



Sportscar driver with a tough hair problem.

Meet Mike O'Keefe, champion sportsman from Houston, Tex. Mike's thrills are big, but hot helmets, sun and dust give his hair a beating.



He licks it with Vitalis. Vitalis gets Mike's hair in condition for a victory dinner—and a congratulatory kiss. His hair never looks messy or gray because Vitalis grows with greaseless V-7.

New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day...and prevent dryness

You don't have to drive road races to need—and like—Vitalis. It keeps hair in place and in condition with V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery. Along with V-7, Vitalis blends refreshing alcohol and other ingredients to give you wonderful protection against dry hair and scalp. Use Vitalis every morning to prevent dryness, keep your hair neat the greaseless way.



SEE THE DIFFERENCE

Does your husband use a greasy tonic that stains pillowcases like this?

Greaseless Vitalis with V-7 leaves pillowcases clean—like this.



New VITALIS® Hair Tonic with V-7®

LEATHER FIN, PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

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LAUNCHES A



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STYLE
WONDER

*Varsity-Town
Clothes*

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STRIPES IN

Carey LOOMED

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TWEED**

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Sport Coat Tweeds originate

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feel work-a-day cares slip away!



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Cover: Australian wave rider
In Australia wave riding, a sport the Aussies borrowed from the Pacific Islanders, now rivals tennis in popularity. This week's SPECTACLE (pages 16-25) shows the Aussies reveling in their borrowed sport.

Photograph by George Leenson

Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



► That is none other than Sal Maglie above, peering grimly at the batter in a familiar pose. Sal discusses the art of pitching in the first of a series on big-league secrets.

► Proud Canada, defeated in its national game by Russia in the 1954 Winter Olympics, seeks revenge in the World Hockey Championships at Osh. An eyewitness report.

► The trainer of the great Calumet racing stable is just now emerging from behind his famous father's shadow. Gerald Holland introduces him in *Say Hello to Jimmy Jones*.

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nothing
makes a woman
more
feminine
to a
man



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MEMO from the publisher

FISH, like baseball pitchers, have long had reason to respect the exceptional talents of the familiar figure shown at the right. The great Red Sox fly catcher, Ted Williams, is, of course, also a great fly caster. Last month he was in Miami following a session of fishing in his favorite Florida Keys and shortly before the start of spring training. So it happened that he became one of more than 20 nationally known sports stars to appear in the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Festival at Jordan Marsh-Miami, a two-year-old department store which, with its own swimming pool and a marina for seafaring customers to park their yachts, is a showcase of modern retailing. This time the fish could take heart, because Williams demonstrated his fly-casting technique on the high and dry parking lot for automobiles, which served as the arena for the festival.

The appearance of Ted Williams was only one highlight in a crowded three-day schedule. Other exhibitions included tennis by Fred Perry, Frank Parker, Doris Hart and Jinx Falken-



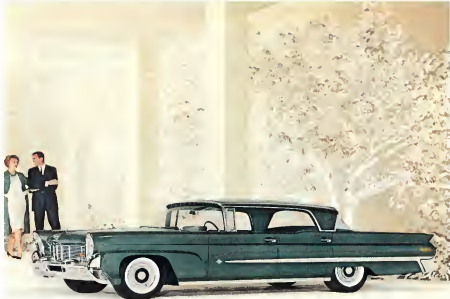
burg; golf by Cary Middlecoff and trick-shot artist Paul Hahn; diving by Pat McCormick; archery by Ann Marston; basketball by George Mikan; physical fitness by Bonnie Prudden. Against this setting of sports, spectators met the newest in cars and boats, the latest in men's wear for sailing and the latest in swim wear for women, worn by an eye-filling cast of models introduced by Jinx.

The program was the first this year of a series of major promotional events in which, more than ever before, leading department stores across the country will be joining with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to prove that "selling with sport" plays an exciting and effective part in contemporary retailing.

How effective, Williams, Falkenberg and Co. showed conclusively last month. For when the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Festival opened, during a February when weather in Miami had a devastating effect on all business, Jordan Marsh surpassed by 20% its 1957 figures. The wind was brisk, as you can see at the left. But business was even brisker.

Harry Phillips

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Breaks the fine car pattern . . . and establishes a new one

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Clearly, this Lincoln breaks cleanly, and beautifully, with a lot of long-standing notions of what makes a fine car fine.

Unlike any other car you've known, Lincoln combines clean, *timeless* beauty with luxurious size and spaciousness. It is large without being ponderous . . . distinctive without being ostentatious.

It proves, too, that there is no reason why your new car should drive like a carbon copy of last year's model. The new Lincoln is an exciting car to drive

. . . with surprises in store for you all along the line.

So come in. Slide into the driver's seat. Turn the key, and touch the pedal. You will probably touch it a trace too hard if you are used to ordinary fine car engines—because this is no ordinary engine. It is 375 well-mannered horsepower. And for serene, restful silence—this is the only fine car with its body and frame in a single unit.

For reasons like these (there are many, many more) an hour in a Lincoln would be an experience for you. In fact, we predict it will change the pattern of your ideas about fine cars.

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Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: Do you approve of British Designer Teddy Tinling's new "cocoon look" for tennis, as shown here?



RNX FALKENBURG
New York
Former southern California tennis star

No. I think the design might be good for a pajama game, but not for tennis. Even the lace Tinling used for Gussie Moran's panties wouldn't make this style attractive to me. But inverted, the cocoon would make a good laundry bag.



ALTHEA GIBSON
New York
Women's singles champion

I certainly wouldn't wear this costume. It's not suitable for my type of play. I take long strides. The cocoon type skirt is too restrictive. I suppose it's O.K. for some players, but why change from the attractive conventional attire?



GUSSIE MORAN
New York
Women's Indoor champion, 1949

It looks provocative and, no doubt, feels provocative. The first girl who wears it will probably get more publicity than I did wearing lace panties, particularly if the cocoon turns into a butterfly! Do I approve? That depends on the wearer.

continued

Chicago and Detroit are getting the giant Britannia aircraft in April

Ever flown Jet- Prop?



Flying to Glasgow, London and Europe in a jet-prop airliner is different. 4 Engines start up with a hiss-s-s, which you hardly notice. Jet-prop means quiet, fast, vibrationless flying...with less fatigue!

By booking your seat today, you can be one of the first to enjoy the world's fastest intercontinental jet-prop airliner.

Beginning in April, BOAC's new, over-6-miles-a-minute, jet-prop Britannia will leave from Chicago and Detroit. (Daily after May 26.)

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Portrait of a Poker Player

**He's loud, he's demanding,
he cajoles, he browbeats,
and in the end he wins**

FROM THE VANTAGE POINT of a fellow player, I have frequently witnessed the high invariable success of Billingsley's matchless poker—stud and draw—and have heard it described on countless occasions as defying analysis. Now, having finally mastered the subject, at the expense withal of many of the little luxuries that might otherwise have come to me at this stage of life—if not, in fact, a few downright necessities—I am setting down this analytical study for future reference.

Before writing, I carefully secured confirmation of the statement, "Billingsley will come to the game late,"

Originally published in the pages of the Atlantic, "Portrait of a Poker Player," slightly condensed here, has established itself as a classic among poker tales.

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from several of the players whose memories are reputed to be as reliable as my own, Billingsley has never been to a game on time yet.

Now the obvious result of such a course of conduct is that Billingsley will avoid having to help count out the chips and will likewise escape a number of other growing pains that attend every game, including:

1) The argument as to "who the hell is going to bank this game anyway?"

2) The discussion and arbitration over how the banker's mistakes will be handled when the settling up is done.

3) Putting the beer on ice, paying for it and pinching the first pots to cover.

4) Calling Ames, a regular player who never gets away from home until after he has been called several times on the phone.

5) The slow start when all pots are fairly small and hardly worth the employment of much virtuosity.

6) The dangerous play by Fielding, who usually has a date at 9.

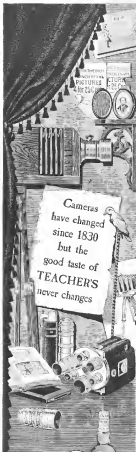
7) The ringing of the telephone by the wives of some of the players who merely wish to check up on their whereabouts.

Thus it will be seen that by the time our hero arrives the coast is clear and the quarry is ready. He can be heard when he slams the door of his car outside. The windows all rattle in the house, and if there are any dogs in the neighborhood they will likely bark. Billingsley calls from the front door and says, good news, he has arrived; he wants to be counted in on the very hand we are then playing. If it is winter he has his coat and tie off by the time he enters the room. If it is summer he has his shirt off, but he often leaves his hat on throughout the first few rounds. If he does not like the looks or greeting of any of us, he tosses a shoe at us. He will belch and sit down, calling for beer. He will be ignored in the request, but he will wait until another player proceeds to the icebox for his own beer; whereupon Billingsley will ask such player to please bring him two bottles when he comes back.

I do not wish to imply by the foregoing that Billingsley is rude, has bad manners, or, in fact, has any manners at all except what the reader will come to recognize as Billingsley manners. They are unique, Billingsley will badger. This is literally true. He will badger the dealer about the slowness of the deal and accuse him of holding up the game deliberately. If this should fluster the dealer—as often it does—Billingsley will be quick to notice it and step up the pace and severity of this heckling. Then, if the dealer drops a card, turns up one meant to be down, or vice versa, Billingsley announces that he has an idiot yard boy who gives dealing lessons on Thursday mornings and suggests that the hapless dealer should enroll in the course.

He will badger a player who fails to make up his mind promptly whether he will call a bet or drop out. Of

continued



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THE POKER PLAYER continued

course I am no longer fooled about Billingsley's real motives here. Billingsley's object is to study the demeanor of the player who is put to a decision under pressure. If such a player is possessed of a very heavy hand—I mean is really loaded—and is delaying merely for effect and in the hope of getting a call or a raise, Billingsley will thus elicit some response and a consequent show of the badgered player's emotion. In such situations where real strength has been disclosed, I have seen Billingsley throw in threes or better, advising the loaded player that his noisy heart-beat, engendered by the heavy hand, has begun to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the whole neighborhood.

I confess that some conclusions set out elsewhere in this study may be debatable but this one thing can be put down as fundamental and axiomatic: Billingsley will not tolerate the status quo ante. He will "up it." Billingsley will ante a dollar on his deal, throwing out, in response to any complaints ventured, a rhetorical question, "It's dealer's choice, isn't it?" By morning any remaining players who should dare to name less than a dollar ante will simply be stared out of the pot.

Now it is my theory that the volume of the betting is built around the pot, and that the tempo of the whole play will follow somewhat the size of the ante. Once I spoke to Billingsley himself about this point, but he merely said, "Nuts."

When draw poker is dealt, Billingsley is annoyed. He would prefer to play stud, he insists. I record this because his annoyance is a psychologically component part of his two-card-draw-to-a-flush-and-follow-through play. Billingsley will draw two cards to a flush.

The hand, let us assume, is opened by a pair of aces. A pair of deuces calls, matched by another caller holding a straight, open at both ends. Billingsley swoops down, raises the bet the full size of the pot and explains piously that he is doing it merely to give a little protection to the opener. Stark terror grips all the players, but Billingsley usually gets two or three customers. Honest draws are made by the others, but Billingsley, looking as contented as Walter F. Chrysler might contemplating the Chrysler Building, says that two cards will do for him. After the draw he

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bets the first installment on a Jaguar and launches on his campaign speech. He insists that he hasn't a damn thing. He wants to know whether we are mice or men to let him "bull the game" like that. He will even stand up in his address and call for a pitcher and a glass of water—which, of course, no one brings him.

Beats of perspiration pop out on the pair of aces, the openers, since the draw has produced another little pair. Similar beads cover the pair of deuces, now joined by a third. The straight is busted and blown. Finally Billingsley drags down the pot with no callers and shows his hand: three miscellaneous hearts and two orphans that look as if they belonged in a used pinocchio deck. He announces in a loud tone that he would rather have three hearts in this game than three aces in any other game he ever played.

The whole thing is simple. The two times that I called him on this particular play—once in 1938, just before I sold my car, and again last week—he wasn't using exactly the same technique that I have described. The first time he really had a big pair and a kicker; then he caught two to match the latter on the draw—a cat hop, so called, to a full house. Last week he had filled his flush. But you get the general idea anyhow, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that Billingsley wasn't bluffing either time. Not in the least.

It is not so easy to describe the hard and smooth facet of Billingsley's play to which I now address myself. But this is an unexpurgated account, and I must reiterate my mild indictment in frankness and in candor: Billingsley will bull the game.

He will bet his chips particularly during the early stages of a stud hand, in the same spirit of reckless abandon with which an Oriental war lord orders coolie troops into battle. Now this is precisely the impression which Billingsley seeks to create on the first card that shows in stud: reckless abandon. He discloses this rash and irresponsible attitude by betting inordinate amounts on the first card that shows in several successive stud hands.

Soon his heavy bet on the first card is bringing the hopeful players along in droves. They count his empty beer bottles on the floor and decide to get a crack at this easy money. Also by staying they will

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each get a glimpse of their second card to show, and natural curiosity at this stage is always a factor to be reckoned with. When the second up card is dealt, Billingsley seems to go absolutely wild. He bets all the law allows—the game being, of course, pot limit—and some other players, though a little less avaricious by now, nevertheless stay because there are still two more chances to improve. Also they discover that they have a pretty substantial investment in the pot by this time.

When the third card up produces no pair showing, Billingsley's technique calls for a marked change. If he is high, he hesitates but does not check the bet. He speaks of acting against his better judgment (in fact, any bet he makes, he will proclaim, is against his better judgment). There is absolutely no more transparent aspect of Billingsley's game than this very one. Deception being important in poker, his feigned dubiety is calculated to stir hope in the breasts of

fellow players. Now the elemental parallel of this gambit is, of course, the broken-wing act of the mother hawk, which, like Billingsley's technique, still works after all these years. The refinement, doubtless clear by now to the reader, is that Billingsley "may have a broken wing" in the form of a deuce in the hole.

In any event, whether Billingsley opens the next bet or has to be content with raising it to the absolute limit, he will see to it that nobody stays in the pot at bargain-basement rates. He calls this "keeping the ribbon clerks away from the gravy."

There is one other obvious contingency in this connection, and to it I shall now advert. Let us take a case where strength has shown elsewhere on the turning of the second or third card, and let us assume likewise that Billingsley's big bet is raised right back into his teeth. He looks hurt, and the wounded tragedian emerges in his whole demeanor. His countenance resembles that of the dying Cyrano de Bergerac as done by Walter Hampden. His heart is plainly

broken over the need to witness a vulgar display of strength in a purely friendly game; and unless he has an absolute lock on the player who raised him back, he will withdraw from the hand with the suggestion of a tear in his eye.

We come now to an attribute of the man which I often suspect is the mother lode of virtuosity from which all other sparkling nuggets of his play are organically derived. Several years of costly and painstaking study enable me to comment on this aspect with the authenticity which the reader doubtless recognizes by now.

Billingsley is a man of miraculous strength of character and constitution. His indefatigable spirit, built as it is into an enduring frame, gains altitude with every hand.

Billingsley will not discuss the matter of ending the game before midnight. He will agree after that time to consider 1:30 as the time to take up the subject with a view then to setting some later hour as a time limit. By 1:30 we will have lost one or two players who have reached a certain predetermined limit of loss and gone home. Along about 2, if Billingsley is winner he will actually consider naming a time to quit.

If he should be loser—I have to strain my memory to the breaking point to recall this testimony—he jumps up and down, gnashing his teeth and shouting until his veins stand out that he wants to play. "Deal!" he cries raucously. "Deal!" But the converse impression should not be gleaned from the foregoing that Billingsley will want to quit if he is winner. This is wrong. Billingsley doesn't ever want to quit.

He "came to play," he keeps insisting as the night and the game become more still everywhere except where he sits. Some kind of second wind—or third—seems to come upon him, and the game never breaks up as long as any one player is willing to deal even one more cold hand for as much as a dollar.

Then, when Billingsley's last adversary finally folds his tents, Billingsley will stalk out alone, grumbling to himself in what has often been described as a tone of contempt blended with disgust and disappointment. His words, when they can be made out, reveal that which, to my mind, is the real secret of his bountiful success. They are, plainly and simply, that he "came to play."

—DELLON ANDERSON



SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—U.S. SWIMMERS, given short at chlorinated spotlight after week-long spree by Australian hot-shots, did some record breaking of their own:

CHARLES KUFFIN, 18-year-old senior from Washington, D.C., and his Rite School teammates went on first-class barge in GI-34 victory over West Philadelphia Catholic at Potomac, Pa. Griffin breaststroked 200 yards in 2:28.3 to break U.S. mark set by Michigan's Cy Hopkins week earlier, teamed up with Bob Kaufman (backstroke), Chris Stark (butterfly) and Bryan Williams (freestyle) for new prep school standard of 1:45.3 for 200-yard medley relay, created while Larry Paine, Alex Humphrey, Williams and Kaufman whizzed through 200-yard freestyle relay in 1:32.4 for another prep school record (March 1).

MICHIGAN STATE'S DON NICHOLS, FRANK MOORE, ROGER HARMON and DON PATTERSON set scaling pace in 400-yard medley relay, climbed out of pool at East Lansing, came with new college record of 3:46.3 in Spartans best Wisconsin 82-83 (March 1).

LEWIS SCHAEFER, husky-looking 16-year-old Beres (Ohio) H.S. junior, wumfiddled 100-yard backstroke in 54.6 to better national interscholastic mark in Ohio championships at Columbus (March 1).

HORSE RACING—TIM TAM and JEWEL'S REWARD came charging down Hushack stretch almost even-to-even in search of Flamingo Stakes gold, and at first it was Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham's Jewels Reward out in front by head. But stewards detected obvious bumping by Jewel's Reward, awarded first place and \$97,800 of \$135,000 gross to Calumet's Tim Tam (see page 17).

Murdered Jersey Mauden Yonca philosophically after disqualification which cost him roughly \$7,780. "Race are race."

ROUND TABLE, odds-on bet every time he

goes to post at Santa Anita these days, carried 136 pounds gracefully and speedily under careful guidance of Willie Shoemaker, ran down front-running Terrane in stretch to win \$135,000 Santa Anita Handicap (see below). Winning pot of \$97,400 brought 4-year-old Round Table's earnings to \$941,164 fourth highest in history.

OLD PURRLO, unbeaten in eight straight and regarded by some as California's best offering for Kentucky Derby, had one of those days, fading badly at mile-and-eight and finishing dead last behind The Shoe in \$15,000 High Sierra Purse at Santa Anita. Explained Eddie Aronzo, "Instructors were to rate him... But I just have to be sure that I had such a hold that I choked him down and he got discouraged."

BOXING—HEAVYWEIGHT WILLIE FASTERANO, whose boxing skill entranced Londoners last October, found his fancy dancing and rapier-like left of little use against wild-swinging, mauling Britisher Brian London (legged on by shouts of "here he is, lay on him" from his father, sometime British Heavyweight Champion Jack London) until late rounds, finally managed to pull out close decision in 10-rounder at Harringay Arena. FASTERANO, obviously surprised by London's bulkiness, had best description for his opponent: "A crash and bang fighter."

LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION JOE BROWN, guarded almost constantly by edgy Cuban police on alert for Castro's kidnapping-happy rebels, needed little protection once he entered ring, quickly felled hometown hero Orlando (Baby) Echevarria twice with scorching rights to jaw to score first-round KO in nonchuck TV bout beamed back to U.S. from Havana's sparkling new \$2 million Sports Palace. "My easiest fight," mused Veteran Brown. "He's very strong, but not too smart."

TRACK & FIELD—RON DRYANT, a born early dawdler, once more saved his best for last, called on his patented quick kick twice in 50 minutes to trundle home first in 1:09.0 in 2:12.8 (see below) and two-mile in 9:47.6, gave Villanova boost to team title in IC4A championships at New York. Other Villanova winners: Phil Keava, who kicked over at 6 feet 8½ inches in high jump, Ed Collymore, who outdistanced field in 40-yard sprint in 6.8. Without Delany to provide excitement, Hungary's Istvan Rostovszky, in last U.S. start, came off rased-up middle-quarters pace to finish fast, won special mile in 4:08.7.

KRISTY GARDNER, Jamaican-born Nebraska senior, had himself a high time in Big Eight championships at Kansas City, skimming over 60-yard low hurdles in 8.7 to tie world indoor record he set week earlier, clocked meet record 7.2 for 60-yard high and finished third in 60-yard dash, but Kansas sprinted Wilt Chamberlain away from basketball court long enough for him to keep 6 feet 8½ inches for first-place tie in high jump, scored in 11 of 12 events to win team title with 58½ points.

BASKEBALL—MICKY MANTLE, older, wiser and considerably richer than when he first began to gladden Casey Stengel's heart seven years ago (see below), took quick but perceptive look at latest figures in his contract, signed with New York Yankees for estimated \$75,000, third highest (behind Ted Williams and Stan Musial) paycheck in major leagues. No great enthusiasm at best, Switcher Mantle confided: "I feel good about everything."

GOLF—KEN VENTURI, 26, slender San Franciscoer who is currently hottest pro in winter tour, rattled off low straight 66, with near errorless shotmaking for 276, pocketed \$2,000 first prize (his third of year) in Baton Rouge (La.) Open. Major casualty: Dow Finsterwald's streak of 12 consecutive in-the-money performances.

FIELD TRIALS—SATILLA NIP PARADE, lucky 23-month-old pointer, expert handled by Co-owner (with Dr. J. O. Thomas)

continued

accent on the deed...



RECORD BUSTER Round Table bids under wire to set track mark of 1:59 4/5 for 1¼ mile in the \$135,000 Santa Anita Handicap.



FENCE BUSTER Micky Mantle, in Yankee fold for estimated \$75,000, beats his favorite weapons with an assist from Casey Stengel.



TAPE BUSTER Ron Dryant, moving loose as aces, sprints to victory in 1,500-yard event on the way to IC4A double in New York.

SCOREBOARD continued

Lee Smith, mounted smoothly and confidently over Sportsman-Industrialist L. H. Maytag's rambling Belgelands Plantation at Union Springs, Ala., snuffed out and handled three finds cleanly despite strong wind, to win National Shooting Dog title.

HOCKEY—MONTREAL, to surprise of no one, beat Toronto 4-1 to win 10th NHL title, sat back to watch rest of league jockey for playoff berths. Hottest handle of all belonged to New York's Andy Bathgate, who helped Rangers stretch unbeaten string to eight and all but slough season.

HARVARD, badly beaten in West early in season, found no such opposition in Ivy League, last week overran Yale 6-0 in 6-2 at New Haven to capture title for sixth straight year. Skink-slaking Bob Cleary had heaviest Harvard hand, shook up Yale with two goals, three assists.

RED BLACKBURN, handy-handed New Hampshire freshman goalie, was kept busier than bartender at clam bake by Boston University puck slappers. Red picked off 102 shots but was left contemplating the night that got away as his team lost 6-3 at Durham, N.H.

BASKETBALL—NCAA put long finger on conference champions, best of independents for annual tournament (see page 32), left little for NIT, Kansas State was still nation's top team, followed by West Virginia, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Temple.

BOSTON tucked away Eastern Division title in NBA, left slumping Syracuse and Philadelphia to fight for second. In West, Detroit pulled two games ahead of Cincinnati in battle for runner-up spot.

SKIING—BARTSVILLE picked up one individual crown, made most of 2-3-4 finish downhill to end Denver's four-year monopoly of NCAA title at Hanover, N.H. Winners: Dartmouth's Bob Gebhardt (see below) in slalom; Denver's Oddvar Rønneberg in jumping; Denver's Clarence Servold in cross-country; Norwich's Gary Vaughn in downhill. Named skisauter: Dartmouth's Dave Harwood.



TOP SKIER Bob Gebhardt of title-winning Dartmouth sips through gates to take slalom crown in NCAA championships at Hanover.

FOR THE RECORD

BADMINTON—U.S., over Canada, 3-0, Thomas Cup Americas Zest Bad, Long Beach, Calif.

BOATING—RONNIE GLEN GARRY, shipped to skip Catriona, Detroit, Motorboat Lightning Class event, Miami.

TOOKY, driven by Forest Johnson, Miami, 16-m. Mianis-Miami powerboat race, 12:1.00

BOXING—MORT CALMOUN, 10 round only derbies over Rocky Santa, undefeated, Kansas JIMMY J. ARNOLD, 7-round TKO over boxing Kato, undefeated, New York

CARLOS ORTIZ, 10-round 6 decision over Tommy Tubb, lightweights, New York

DONALD LOU, 6-round TKO over Walker (Red) Smith, lightweights, Milan

DOG SLEDDING—ART ALLEN, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1,550-m. 100-ft open sled dog derby, The Fox, Minnesota

GOLF—CHARLES RIFFORD, Philadelphia, North-Rock Negro title, with 101 for 72 holes. Mianis 6 women's champion: MYRTLE PATT KIRKMAN, New York, with 247 for 72 holes

HORSE RACING—TENACROUS, \$21,000 New Orleans 11:17.10 m., by seat, in 1:51, Fair Grounds, New Orleans

PLATFORM TENNIS—RICHARD HERARD and JAMES CARLISLE, For Mianis 7-0, over George Harrison and William Farber, 4-0, 1-0, 7-0, 1-0, 4-0, with doubles title, Roseland, N.Y.

SKIING—ADOLF HIKLUND, Sweden, world 36-000 championship, in 1:27.44 for 125-000 cross-country race, SKAALFELDEN, Austria

SPEED SKATING—JIM CAMPBELL, Glen Ridge, N.J., American men's outdoor title, with 18 pts., Philadelphia Women's champion: JEAN AGNEWORTH, Washington, Mass., with 17 pts.

SQUASH RACQUETS—MRS LOUISE MANLY, PHILADELPHIA and MRS RICHARD A. MANNING, Philadelphia, over Mrs. Barbara Clement and Mrs. Jean Clement, 12-0, 12-0, 12-0, U.S. women's championship title, Philadelphia

CARL RADGER and JIM ETHEBRIDGE, Greenock, Conn., over John Norrell and Dick Norrell, 3-0, 12-12, 12-12, 12-12, Louisa Cup, New York

TENNIS—PANCRO GONZALES, over Leo Head, 6 matches to 3, 1000 yards pro tour 11-11

RIDGE PATTY, Los Angeles, over Gordon Malloy, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0, City of Speed men's singles

KAROL FAGEROS, Miami, over Mrs. Barbara Berdson, 4-0, 7-0, City of Miami women's singles

TRACK & FIELD—MARYLAND, Atlantic Coast Conference indoor title, with 22 6:0 pts., Chapel Hill, N.C.



TOP DOG The Arkamas Ranger and Handler Jack Harper poses after winning National Bird Dog championship at Grand Junction, Tenn.

faces in the crowd...



LUCY HAMMAN of Farmington, N.H., 17-year-old daughter of former Olympian Sel Hamman, won downhill, giant slalom, placed second to Sonny Beate in Alpine combined in Eastern junior championships at Stowe, Vt.



PERRY OLIVER, beefy, affable longshore pro who hasn't had big pay-day in two years, finally made it in Houston Open, finishing with 67 for 281 to win \$4,300. Said 124-0-pound Perry: "All I can say is I played good."



ALBERT (JACK) JOHNSON, tennis pro who holds world open court tennis title, shrugged off pain from abscessed ear, skillfully and speedily beat James Dunn 6-4, 6-4, 6-6, 6-3 for U.S. open crown in New York.



BETTY CUTHBERT, pretty Aussie sprinter who carried off three gold medals at Melbourne, in faster than ever these days. Pushed by Marlene Mathews, Betty last week tied world record of 16.4 for 100-yard dash at Sydney.



MRS. PEGGY CARROFF, Greenwich, Conn. squash player who plays better than fair game of squash racquets, defeated Mrs. Edith E. Beatty 16-11, 15-10, 16-8 to retain her women's senior singles title at Philadelphia



ANDRE DUFRASSE, durable French pedaler, his long hair waving in breeze, pushed his bike in front at start, kept it there for full length of course to win world-cross-country cycling championship in 1:11:12 at Limoges.



FRED WALKER JR., noted member of illustrious major league family and son of oldtime Dodger star Dave, has signed \$50,000 bonus contract with Los Angeles, will pitch for Houston under watchful eye of Uncle Harry.

SNOW PATROL

Skiing across the country: reports through the preceding weekend

East

New Hampshire: State's areas just recorded longest 14-day attendance ever.
DARTMOUTH SKIWAY. Dartmouth College, coached by Al Merrill and Bill Beck, broke Denver University's four-year stranglehold on NCAA Intercollegiate title by taking top two slalom places plus second and third in downhill. Denver went both jump and cross-country but failed to score in the runner-up spots (see SCOREBOARD). UP 56, LO 73, CANNON MT. UP 125, LO 40, CR 3,500.
SUNAPEE. Attendance to date exceeds last year's total LO 15, CR 1,960.
CRANFORD. Cars parked in the lot included Jeeps from Maryland, Illinois, Ohio, Washington, Colorado, Utah, Texas, Florida and D.C. One couple flew here from Miami, skied two days, flew back.
WILKAT. Skiers at midway shack are being entertained by improvisational guitar sessions. Guitarist Napoleon Butera is expert in French song. UP 121, LO 95, CR 1,000.

Maine: SUGARLOAF. Sking good. Expect skiing will last into May UP 126, LO 79, PLEASANT MT. Sking excellent. UP 96.

New York: Rain last weekend turned to snow, added four inches of cover.
HEARST. Snow-blacked areas not expected to be cleared by this weekend. LO 62, SN 12, BOWMANVILLE UP 65, LO 20, SN 4, CR 4,500.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN. Experts finding the 40° Avalanche trail a real test. UP 46, LO 30, SN 5, CR 460.
WATERBURGH. Sking excellent. UP 58, LO 20, SN 17, CR 1,300.

Massachusetts: Season still going strong in spite of some rain and thaw.
POCONO. UP 68, LO 25, SN 4, CR 950.
JIMINY PEAK. LO 14, SN 5, CR 350.
OTIS RIDGE. Heather Nesbit, class A racer, now teaching here. UP 46, LO 12, CR 460.

Vermont: A foot of new snow hit state last weekend, brought good skiing.
STOWE. Sunny State of Hanover, N.H. took eastern junior combined title ahead of 31 girls, placed first in slalom. Lucy Hannah of Franconia, N.H. took downhill and giant slalom. Norton Weber of Farmington, Me. outscored 124 others for boys' title, tied with John Church of Healdsburg, N.H. in slalom. Davey Marsh of Putney, Vt. won downhill and Lindsey Southland of Woodstock, Vt. took giant slalom. UP 72, LO 55, SN 8, CR 4,100.
MAD RIVER GLEN. UP 70, LO 52, CR 600.
BIG BROMLEY. UP 79, SN 14, CR 2,500.
MT. SNOW. Lowell Thomas spent last week skiing and broadcasting here. UP 112, LO 65, SN 10, CR 4,600.
PICO PEAK. Annual Pico Derby, March 9, is open to anyone who can climb to top of two-mile Summit schute. UP 50.

Quebec: MT. TREMBLANE. Ski School Head Ernie McCulloch, after watching French skier Guy Perillat take Kandahar race here, commented, "Our skiers don't realize what being fit means." Largest crowd of season. UP 55, LO 38, SN 15, CR 3,000.
ST. ADAM. UP 44, LO 24, CR 3,500.
ST. LAURENT. UP 48, SN 19, CR 3,500.
LA BEAUFORT. Ski crowd during year has been 90% U.S. UP 66, SN 6, CR 3,000.

Pennsylvania: MT. LAUREL. Sking best of season. UP 40, LO 61, CR 950.

Midwest

Michigan: Midwest thaw ended with Feb. 28 snow fall. Areas not too hard hit will have skiing this weekend.
BORNE. Mt. Machine-made snow supplied only good skiing in lower Michigan.
SHRUB. Mt. Sking good. UP 4, LO 4, SN 4, CANNON RIDGE. Sking good in spite of some loss of snow cover.

Wisconsin: SHELTERED VALLEY. Sking good.

West

Colorado: Sking excellent throughout.
ASPEN. Repair of Bell lift expected complete by this weekend. Wall lines on No. 1 chair have run from 50 minutes to 90 minutes.



SLALOM RACER AT DARTMOUTH SKIWAY

during peak periods. Anderl Molterer, one of Austria's top three racers, to join ski school here March 7. UP 57, LO 25, SN 15, CR 2,000.
TYNIST PARK. New peak at base area attracting Denver skaters. UP 42, LO 35.
LOVELAND. UP 57, LO 54, SN 9, CR 300.

Idaho: All areas reported excellent.
SUN VALLEY. Returnees from Europe wearing Lederhosen shorts with bright knee socks. Rosemarie Bogner, of the stretch pants dynasty, won the women's Sun Valley Ski Club race. Dick Davis of Ketchikan took men's race. Mt. Baldy UP 56, LO 45, SN 4, CR 1,000.
BONNIE BASIN. Skiers are wearing embroidered western shirts tucked into pants. UP 12, LOOKOUT PASS. Best conditions in the state. UP 106, LO 60, SN 11, CR 750.
MADCO. Mt. Bright red stretch pants becoming a uniform for top girl skiers.
PINE BASIN. Harder girls are skiing in wool skirts and knee socks as weather warms up. UP 44, LO 39, SN 5, CR 700.

Utah: Heavy fall of dry powder hit all areas. ALTA. Powder was waist deep in spots. Reservations at area tight until April 13. UP 143, LO 110, SN 60, CR 505.
SNOW BASIN. National alpine championships here March 14-15. UP 115, SN 17, CR 700.
BRIMINGTON. Weekends booked solid until end of season. UP 136, SN 54, CR 3,500.

Montana: New snow and lower temperatures repaired previous Chinook wind damage. Hot Mt. Sking excellent. Belts of wall skis are becoming smart. UP 65, LO 48, SN 12, CR 500.
BADGER BOWL. Excellent. UP 43, LO 35.

Wyoming: JACKSON HOLE. Excellent skiing. Larry Jacobson of Utah State took Inter-mountain Collegiate downhill. UP 48, LO 26, TETON PASS. Light deep powder. UP 186.

New Mexico: TAOS. Flatlanders race March 28 will be limited to skiers living below 5,000 feet, at least 200 miles from a lift and who have skied less than 21 days a year. Expect large Turn entry.
SANTA FE. UP 69, LO 55, SN 15, CR 480.

Far West

California: Best conditions of the year in the north. Northerners are planning to ski till May 1. SQUAW VALLEY. San Francisco area had three-man representation in children race for lodge guests. Best-skiing Players Hugh McElroy, Billy Wilson and Y. A. Triple. UP 180, LO 69, SN 24, CR 2,000.
SUGAR BOWL. LO 94, SN 24, CR 1,200.
BADGER PASS. Northern skiers whipped South team in their annual race. LO 71.
DOUGER RIDGE. UP 56, LO 58, CR 5,500.
MT. BALDIE. Best skiing in years. UP 56, LO 16, SN 5, CR 2,250.
MAAMORN MTS. LO 118, SN 14, CR 1,300.
SNOWY SUMMIT. UP 53, LO 7, CR 8,500.

Washington: Cold weather dried snow out, brought back fine deep-powder skiing.
SRI ACRES. Mike O'Neill and Sandy Tynes of Seattle took most-improved Parent Teacher Association Ski School awards. UP 85, LO 82.
SNOWQUAKE. UP 106, SN 8, CR 1,900.
STEVENS PASS. UP 159, SN 15, CR 1,500.
MT. BAKER. UP 150, SN 24, CR 2,900.
PARADISE. UP 170, LO 165, SN 15, CR 300.
MT. SPOKANE. Girls are wearing chiseled-fingering Alpha smooth-knit turtle-neck sweaters from Italy. UP 120, LO 72, SN 5, CR 400.

Oregon: Sking excellent over entire state. MT. HOOD. Government Camp. Timberline. Mulholland and Ski Bowl all had best skiing of the year. LO 251, SN 30.
WILLAMETTE PASS. Area will operate Thursdays as well as weekends for the rest of season. LO 84, SN 31, CR 300.

Check resorts for late condition changes
UP—top of area on upper slopes and trails
LO—top of area on lower slopes and trails
SN—depth of snowfall last week
CR—ski crowd last Saturday

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Walter Daply 7—Larry Shogren
James A. UP, B.A. UP, 21 right, Bob Boyce, A.P. A.P. 12—right, Harold Sawyer, Harold Sawyer, A.P. A.P. 12—right, Jerry Boyce, 13, 15
16—right, Steve Weller, Matt Weller, 17-20—George Sawyer, Ken Sawyer, 21—24, down by April 25—John Sawyer, 26—28, 29—Agnes, 30—Buckley, 31—Richard Smith, 32—John C. Sawyer, 33—Richard Smith, 34—Hy Smith, 35—Bob Sawyer, 44, 45—C. Sawyer, 46—Walter Daply, 47—George Sawyer, 48—Walter Daply, 49—George Sawyer, 50—Walter Daply, 51—George Sawyer, 52—George Sawyer, 53—George Sawyer, 54—George Sawyer, 55—George Sawyer, 56—George Sawyer, 57—George Sawyer, 58—George Sawyer, 59—George Sawyer, 60—George Sawyer, 61—George Sawyer, 62—George Sawyer, 63—George Sawyer, 64—George Sawyer, 65—George Sawyer, 66—George Sawyer, 67—George Sawyer, 68—George Sawyer, 69—George Sawyer, 70—George Sawyer, 71—George Sawyer, 72—George Sawyer, 73—George Sawyer, 74—George Sawyer, 75—George Sawyer, 76—George Sawyer, 77—George Sawyer, 78—George Sawyer, 79—George Sawyer, 80—George Sawyer, 81—George Sawyer, 82—George Sawyer, 83—George Sawyer, 84—George Sawyer, 85—George Sawyer, 86—George Sawyer, 87—George Sawyer, 88—George Sawyer, 89—George Sawyer, 90—George Sawyer, 91—George Sawyer, 92—George Sawyer, 93—George Sawyer, 94—George Sawyer, 95—George Sawyer, 96—George Sawyer, 97—George Sawyer, 98—George Sawyer, 99—George Sawyer, 100—George Sawyer, 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COMING EVENTS

March 7 to March 16

- Television
- Color television
- Network radio
- All times M.S.T. except where otherwise noted

Friday, March 7

- BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Sydney at St. Louis.
- BOXING**
• Harold Gans vs. Ike Chambers, featherweights,
10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- GYMNASTICS**
Eastern Intercollegiate Individual Gymnastics
Championship, University Park, Pa. (also
March 8)
- HOCKEY**
(Leading college games)
Duke vs. North Dakota, Denver (also March 8)
Michigan Tech vs. Michigan, Houghton, Mich.
(also March 8)
Minnesota vs. Colorado College, Minneapolis
(also March 8)
- RACQUETS**
1941 Open Open Racquets Singles, Chicago.
- SHOOTING**
Inter-American Open and Panco Bero Championships,
San Juan, P.R. (also March 8)
- SQUASH RACQUETS**
National Intercollegiate Squash Championship,
New Haven, Conn. (through March 9)
- TENNIS**
Pro tour, Head vs. Gonzalez, Giorgio Cretini,
Trenton

Saturday, March 8

- BASKETBALL**
(Leading college games)
Bradley vs. Detroit, Peoria, Ill.
Cincinnati vs. Xavier, Cincinnati.
Kansas State vs. Kansas, Manhattan, Kan.
Michigan State vs. Indiana, East Lansing, Mich.
Mississippi State vs. Wichita, Wichita, Okla.
Philadelphia City series, Philadelphia.
Single Class vs. San Francisco, Santa Clara,
Calif.
(Professional)
• Detroit at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC)
• Minneapolis at St. Louis
- BOXING**
• All Star Gail, Billy Cramer vs. Bob Tuck, Palen
Jetties, Calif., 2 p.m. in each (also see ABC)
- HOCKEY**
(Leading college games)
Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge, Mass.
(Professional)
Boston at Toronto
- Detroit at Chicago, 2 p.m. (NBC)
New York at Montreal.

- HORSE RACING**
• Santa Anita, Derby, \$100,000, 4-yr-olds, 1 1/4
m., Santa Anita, Calif., (7:15 p.m.) NBC-Radio,
also P.B.T., CBS-TV Pacific Network
- Louisiana Derby, \$40,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m.,
Fair Grounds, New Orleans, (5:50 p.m.) (NBC)
- SKATING**
National Indoor Speed Skating Championships,
Champaign, Ill. (also March 9)
- SKIING**
Bath Cup, Aspen, Colo. (also March 9)
- SQUASH RACQUETS**
British Empire Open Doubles Tournament,
Bradley (also March 9)
- TENNIS**
Pro tour, Head vs. Gonzalez, San Antonio
- TRACK & FIELD**
• New York R.I. C meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, New
York, 3:30 p.m. (NBC)

Sunday, March 9

- BASKETBALL**
(Professional)
Cincinnati at Boston
Detroit at Syracuse
Philadelphia at New York
St. Louis at Minneapolis
- HOCKEY**
Detroit at New York
Montreal at Chicago
Toronto at Boston

TENNIS
Pro tour, Head vs. Gonzalez, Houston.

Monday, March 10

- BASKETBALL**
(Leading college games)
Seattle vs. Seattle 2, Seattle
(Professional)
St. Louis at Cincinnati
- HORSE RACING**
San Bernardino Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds, 8
m., 2 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif.

Tuesday, March 11

- BASKETBALL**
(Leading college games)
NCAA Tournament, first round, New York,
Evansville, Ill., Stillman, Okla., Fair West and
due to be announced
(Professional)
Philadelphia at St. Louis
- HOCKEY**
New York at Detroit
- HORSE RACING**
San Juan Capistrano Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr-
olds, 4 m., 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif.

Wednesday, March 12

- BASKETBALL**
(Leading college games)
NCAA Small College Tournament, round, Kansas-
ville, Ind. (through March 14)
(Professional)
Cincinnati at Minneapolis
New York at Boston
Philadelphia at Syracuse
- BOXING**
• Snyder Webb vs. Holly Mina, middleweights,
10 rds., Fox Theater, Ind. 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HOCKEY**
Montreal at Toronto
New York at Chicago
- TRACK & FIELD**
Women's National AAU Championships, Alton

Thursday, March 13

- BASKETBALL**
(Leading college games)
National Invitation Tournament, Mad. Sq. Gar-
den, New York (also March 15, 16, 20, 22)
- COURT TENNIS**
United States Court Tennis Singles Championship,
Philadelphia
- GOLF**
Pinehurst Open Invitational, \$25,000, Pine-
hurst, N.C. (through March 16)
Women's Titleholders Championship, Augusta,
Ga. (through March 16)
- HOCKEY**
(Leading college games)
National College Ice Hockey Championships,
Minneapolis (through March 15)
(Professional)
Montreal at Boston
- HOCKEY**
Jupiro-Rodde, \$24,400, Phoenix, Ariz. (through
March 16)
- SWIMMING**
Eastern Intercollegiate Individual Swimming
Championship, Annapolis, Md. (through March 15)

Friday, March 14

- BASKETBALL**
(Leading college games)
NCAA Tournament, second round, Charlotte,
N.C., Lexington, Ky., Lawrence, Kans. and San
Francisco (also quarter finals, March 15, semi-
finals)
- BOXING**
• Tony Anthony vs. Yvon Durelle, light heavy-
weights, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- SKIING**
National Alpine Championships, Snow Mass,
Ind. (through March 15)
- TRACK & FIELD**
Chicago Derby News Relay, Chicago

Saturday, March 15

- HOCKEY**
Chicago at Montreal
Detroit at Toronto
- Track & Field
New York Pioneer Club Meet, New York

Sunday, March 16

- AUTO RACING**
1 1/2-M. Sprint Car Race, Daytona, Fla.
- HOCKEY**
Detroit at Boston
Montreal at New York
Toronto at Chicago

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THINKING HER HORSE HAS WON, MRS. GRAHAM HAPPILY HOLDS ARM OF GOVERNOR COLLINS AS JOCKEY YCAZA, GENE MORI BEAR

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
MARCH 30, 1958

GALLING DAY

When their horses tangled in the most dramatic race of the season, Elizabeth Arden Graham and Lucille Markey had to face public ordeal that reached historic proportions

by **WHITNEY TOWER**

IT WAS A horse race that will still be talked about when they are running cut-rate excursion trips to the moon. For an eighth of a mile down the stretch, Jewel's Reward and Tim Tam fought head and head, nose and nose in a bumping, jostling finish such as has not been seen in a major horse race since the Kentucky Derby of 1933 between Brokers Tip and Head Play. At the end of this 29th running of Hialeah's Flamingo Stakes,

No. 3—Jewel's Reward—was posted as winner on the tote board, and his proud owner, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, was led out to the winner's circle in the company of Governor LeRoy Collins of Florida and Gene Mori, the track president.

Then, as though the drama of the race were not enough, there began an apocalyptic afterdrama which brought nothing but pain and embarrassment to two gallant ladies, each of whom

is a distinct ornament to the sport of racing. Although the "inquiry" sign had been posted, Mrs. Graham was allowed to think her horse had won and to accept congratulations in the winner's circle in full view of more than 30,000 fans at the track and millions of TV viewers from coast to coast. Mrs. Gene Markey, whose Tim Tam had finished second but had so clearly been fouled in the stretch, was spared for the moment the attention of the multitude as she sat quietly in her box awaiting the verdict of the stewards; but when the final result went up—and Tim Tam was declared the official winner—her ears were assailed by the thundering boos of an angry crowd that had been only half informed.

When the hullabaloo was over, case



LATER MRS. MARKEY ACCEPTS TROPHY FROM GOVERNOR COLLINS IN DIRECTORS' ROOM. TRAINER JIMMY JONES STANDS BETWEEN

FOR TWO FINE LADIES

thing remained clear for the fanciers of horseflesh: Tim Tam had captured the first major test for the 3-year-olds of 1958. But to understand how he did it and how the two gallant ladies were forced to face a galling trial, it would be best to start at the beginning.

During all of Flamingo Week in Miami the prophets of the racing world scattered the news that the big race (which for the last three years, incidentally, has been won by the ultimate 3-year-old champion of the season) was going to be settled in a private duel between Jewel's Reward, the best 2-year-old of 1957, and Tim Tam, another in a long line of Calumet Farm's prodigies who do little or nothing at 2 only to spring forth at the age of 3 with fire in their eyes and

the desire for conquest in their sturdy hearts. Here and there was to be found some shaky but hopeful support for Claiborne Farm's Nadir, and a few brave souls ventured a prediction that a horse named Talent Show would be somewhere up there at the finish. One of those who obviously hoped so was his owner, Mrs. Ada L. Rice, who jokingly said on the eve of the race, "I'm not too scared of the big names; I've always liked to go where angels fear to tread." The other five starters received little or no prerace consideration, nor, for that matter, were they around at the Flamingo's finish to divide up any of the loot.

During the long afternoon, as they sat in adjoining boxes, Arthur B. (Bull) Hancock, owner of Nadir, and

Mrs. Markey graciously accepted the good wishes of their friends. But in the third box down the line, the stronghold of Maine Chance Farm, there was no Mrs. Graham. She was home, said her friends—home in bed with a virus and too ill to come racing.

But Mrs. Graham, ill though she was, was not going to miss this one. Barely one hour before post time she struggled up, weak and pale, and made her way on the arm of a friend to the paddock. In a voice barely audible she wished good luck to her trainer, Ivan Parke, and her jockey, Panama-born Manuel Yeaza (pronounced Ee-lah-zah), and then went bravely off to take her place beside her good friend Lucille Markey.

The race itself followed a pattern

continued



TELLING PICTURES from official Hialeah film patrol from which the stewards made their decision to allow a foul claim show four times when Jockey Yeaza on Jewel's Reward

(white horse) bumped Hartack on Tim Tam in stretch run. As the horses reach eighth pole (1) Tim Tam catches Jewel's Reward, who bears out and bumps him (2 and 3), knocking

GALLING DAY continued

that was not unexpected. For the first part of it the pace (and it was not particularly fast—23 $\frac{1}{2}$; 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1:11 for the first three quarters) was ground out by Sir Robby and then Talent Show, with Nadir clinging stubbornly within range. Jewel's Reward was just behind Nadir in fourth place, and Tim Tam followed close behind. Suddenly trouble began—and it became more serious every foot of the way home. Yeaza, starting his final turn into the stretch on Jewel's Reward, saw no hole opening for him on the rail and, because it was high time to start rolling, elected to go to the front the only way possible: around the three front-runners. Bill Hartack, seeing what Jewel's Reward was up to, had no alternative but to take Tim Tam the long way around too, for Sir Robby, although tired and fading, was still not about to give up the valuable rail position.

The trouble with the maneuver—as it was executed—was that Jewel's Reward went much too wide and in doing so carried Tim Tam even farther out. By the time they got straightened out for the run to the wire they were nearly in the middle of the track. And yet, as they drove down on the eighth pole, the worst was still to come. Jewel's Reward, with barely a head advantage over Tim Tam, was running unsurely, and Yeaza (who one day should certainly rank with our best riders) did one of those foolish things that must be blamed on his inexperience. With Yeaza whipping him right-handed, Jewel's Reward had been bearing out, and Tim Tam was as close to him

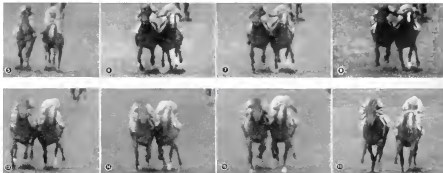
as a horse can get. Hartack, who is a left-handed whipper, could not strike effectively at all, and Yeaza, just as cramped for whipping room as Hartack, gave his horse one sharp crack on the shoulder and then switched his whip to the left hand. The obvious and disastrous result was that Jewel's Reward was going to bear out even further. He did—just below the eighth pole—and when the two horses came together this time Jewel's Reward swung into his rival so hard that he nearly knocked the feet right out from under Tim Tam. The latter was thrown completely off stride, and although he might have recovered from this blow to win on his own, Jewel's Reward—with Yeaza still thrashing savagely with his left hand—never gave him the chance. In the last desperate 200 yards, with Hartack fighting in vain to draw away from his foe by the use of the hand guide only, Jewel's Reward bumped into Tim Tam at least five more times. The pair roared down on the line, but Jewel's Reward had a head advantage. He had won a swift enough race over the full mile and an eighth in 1:48 $\frac{1}{2}$; but he was clearly at fault, and nobody who had followed the action closely through the glasses had the slightest doubt that the stewards would have something to say about the final result.

DISPATCH AND DISCOURAGEMENT

What was almost as puzzling as Yeaza's ride was the great urgency with which the track cruelly dispatched an unknowing Mrs. Graham out to the winner's circle to receive the Flamingo Cup from Governor Collins. She was halfway there when

the inquiry lights flashed on, but instead of being asked to return and await the verdict in her box she was paraded right on to face the TV and newspaper cameras and shake hands all around. Nobody bothered to tell her that things looked very dark indeed for Jewel's Reward and the winner's check for \$97,800. It was Trainer Parke who finally let drop the first hint when he saw that Jockey Yeaza had suddenly been whisked away from their company and up to appear before the stewards. "Mrs. Graham," said Parke, "things don't look so good. They may take our number down, you know." The mistress of Maine Chance Farm didn't reply. She reached out and grabbed Ivan Parke's hand and clutched it tight. Then she turned away from the crowd and stood quietly—watching the parade of the Seminole Indians as they gazed curiously across the flower beds that separated them from the wondrous world of chic ladies, flashing cameras, television and \$100,000 races.

In the Calumet Farm box Mrs. Markey sat almost motionless. There were things that could have been said, but she was saying none of them. Behind her the crowd was growing restless over the long delay. A move on the part of almost anybody in the winner's circle was the signal for a round of jeers and boos, and the atmosphere was growing progressively more unpleasant with each passing minute. As the coast-to-coast telecast went into its seventh minute over the regular half-hour program limit (affording an enormous audience one of its rare opportunities to discover the results of a racing inquiry, thanks to the quick action of NBC Sports Di-



him off stride (4). Tim Tam again catches Jewel's Reward (5) and with Yeasa still whipping right-handed (6 and 7) colts again collide (8). In the strip at bottom (9 through 16)

Hartack twice more tries to pass Yeasa, who is now whipping left-handed, forcing Jewel's Reward even farther to his right, and twice more the horses bump before crossing the finish line.

rector Tom Gallery) the climax was at hand.

Suddenly the first two numbers on the board went dark. A roar from the crowd, and Mrs. Graham, who was not looking at the board, gave a slight start and clapped her hands quickly in delight. For that one brief second she thought she had officially won. Then Ivan Parke took both her hands and said, "It came down, Mrs. Graham." The new numbers lit up reversing the finish of Jewel's Reward and Tim Tam, and all at once the happy little group in the winner's circle, a group that had been swarming about the Maine Chance Farm team, looked away in embarrassment as Mrs. Graham and Ivan Parke walked off by themselves. As they crossed the track into the angry noise of the mob it was Mrs. Graham who carried the day. She walked straight and true without a falter, head held high and a smile on her face. A lady

who should never have left her sickbed had demonstrated more courage than any of the other 31,302 people on the grounds.

The second—and official—presentation ceremony was held in the directors' room because Gene Mori decided the crowd had done enough booing for one day, and also because the new Flamingo Cup recipient, Mrs. Markey, candidly admitted, "I don't think I could walk across that track now even if my life depended on it." Winning trainer Jimmy Jones turned serious long enough to say, "I'm sorry this had to happen to Ivan Parke because he's a good friend of mine." As he hustled off to see the official film patrol pictures of the race (where newsmen and visiting racing officials agreed that Yeasa definitely deserved the 15-day "rough-riding" suspension he received on Monday), he added, "On the other hand, I can't say that I'm not happy for Culmett.

I thought Tim Tam was the best horse, but having a horse lie over on you doesn't exactly make it any easier—even for the best horse. I've lost a lot of races through disqualifications, and this is the first big one where I've been on the catching end. It feels just fine, too."

At the moment there wouldn't appear to be much doubt that Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward are a cut above the rest of the eastern crop of 3-year-olds. Nadir, who finished fourth (behind Talent Show), can be expected to improve, and there are a few more colts who chose not to turn out for the Flamingo but will be heard from in the next few weeks. This week most of the attention will switch to the Santa Anita Derby—the other fascinating half of the early March preview of 3-year-olds. If everything that they say about Silky Sullivan is true (see page 26), there's little chance of dull racing ahead. **END**

THE TELLTALE SCAR

Welts on left side of Jewel's Reward are seen in revealing picture taken from infield as two horses are locked in nose-to-nose battle to wire. They show the vigorous whipping by jockey Manuel Yeasa. The 21-year-old Panamanian rider, second leading jockey to Bill Hartack last year, was the personal choice of Mrs. Graham after she saw him ride on the West Coast. Force of the whipping by Yeasa was a major factor in causing his mount to bear out on Tim Tam and cause foul which lost the race.



SPECTACLE

Photographed by George Leavens

Sportsmen Against a Moving Wall of Water

**In Australia, wave riding is both
a serious business for the world's
finest lifesavers and a rough-and-
tumble sport enjoyed by millions**

For action in the water there is nothing in the world quite like a beach full of Australians. At the rough-and-tumble art of blasting their way out through onrushing walls of water and riding riotously back to shore the Australians are unbeatable, yet the Australians, strangely, are newcomers to the beach. Until 1902 local laws in Australia prudishly forbade even swimming on public beaches. Shortly after the beaches opened up, an itinerant South Sea Islander taught the Australians to ride waves on their chests. In 1915, while visiting in Sydney, the Hawaiian Olympic swimming champion, Duke Kahanamoku, built a crude and cumbersome 90-pound surfboard and wowed his Australian hosts by riding waves with an Australian lass standing on the board with him. The Australians were sold.

Today on a single beach in a single hour there are often more than 10,000 Australians riding waves on their chests, on boards, on surf skis, on air mattresses and in surfboats. Because many of its beaches are swept by big waves from the open Pacific and are scoured by rip currents, Australia has developed the world's finest corps of lifesavers—9,000 surfing men who are precision-drilled in rescue and resuscitation and dedicated to preserving a rough sport, not for supermen, but safe enough for the average sporty Australian. Even the president of the Australian association of surfing clubs, Judge Adrian Curlewis, is still active at 57 as a swimmer and board rider (though now, to preserve the dignity of the bench, Judge Curlewis no longer rides waves standing on his head). "The surf is very worthwhile," Judge Curlewis reflected recently. "I feel we build national character pitting ourselves against the sea—by mountaineering, you might say, against moving walls of water."

A struggling Australian crew catches a boatful of water





At the start of a half-mile race (above), surfboarders stroke furiously to clear the breaker line





*F*ailing paddles on a 22-foot surf ski, two Australians rocket down the slope of a fringing wave





At Tamarama Beach, two body surfers plummet down the rolling face of an eight-foot breaker

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Up the Revolution

MILD-MANNERED, methodical Victor Denny, the new president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, chafes (we hear) at being called a revolutionary. Perhaps it is with good reason, for Vic Denny, a conservative and successful investment banker with carefully combed, thinning hair, seems about as radical offhand as a Series E government bond. Nevertheless, in his cautious, conservative way last week Denny was hard at work in Seattle with his Davis Cup captain Perry Jones plotting the details of what certainly seems like a fine revolution to us.

Like those of other great revolutionaries, the battle cry of Denny's new program for amateur tennis is "Expansion!" Its strategy: infiltration. "The U.S. is a cornucopia of athletic talent," he said, "but tennis has to compete with other sports to attract its share. Our prime objective is to make it possible to offer at least 200,000 to 300,000 additional youngsters the opportunity to play tennis."

One tactic by which Denny plans to net these small fry is by encouraging something like baseball's Little Leagues in tennis. While he and Jones conferred in Seattle last week, other USLTA plotters were busy in Chicago studying the ways and means of little league financing. "We want to expand the movement into every sizable city in the U.S.," says Denny. "It's been our experience that, once started, youngsters are soon gripped by the game." Denny hopes further to keep them gripped by giving them a greater chance to see the best. "One of our objectives," he says, "will be to drive home the point that no region can expect to stimulate great

interest in championship tennis without giving the public a chance to see it."

Another part of the Denny plan involves exploration in depth. "By canvassing every club in the U.S.," he says, "we hope to explore fields never looked into before. We hope to find out how many courts they have, who belongs to their organizations, what is the character and condition of their facilities. Take this Seattle club—since it put in a heated swimming pool the rise in family interest has proved a great boom to tennis play-

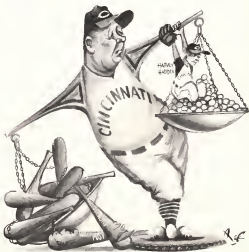
ing. It should be our business to keep in touch with current plans and research, to know about things like plastic coverings for out-of-season courts and anything else that might engender more active interest in the game."

Further Denny plans include raising the dues of member clubs to help pay for the expansion program, raising the traveling allowances of players to a realistic level ("It burns me to think it's been continued at \$15 a day for so long, when the fact is you just can't live on that while you're

continued

TERBETTS AND CO. LAST YEAR HAD ALL POWER AND NO PITCHING

—News Item



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

traveling") and getting some positive action, maybe by fall, on open, or pro-amateur, tennis tournaments.

Speaking of pro-amateur cooperation, it was interesting, in view of the summary dumping of ex-Cup Captain Bill Talbert, that Denny and Jones also announced they were attempting to sign up four of the world's top professional players—Jack Kramer, Don Budge, Pancho Gonzales and Tony Trabert—as Davis Cup coaches to make up for the loss of Talbert.

"The tennis association," said Victor Denny last week, "now has its first truly national administration, and our objective is to make it something more of a hard-boiled business-like operation. The only 'revolution' I'm interested in is the kind that will bring some 50 or so boys and girls now on the verge of tennis greatness over the threshold, the kind that will stimulate the interest of thousands of others who don't yet know even the joy of being 'just another player.'"

Well, Mr. Denny, we're sorry you don't like our word for it, but all we can say to that is, "Up the Revolution!"

Tennis' Nemesis

MEANWHILE comes news from the world of pro tennis, to wit: Wearing a sack on his head with slits to see and breathe through, and dressed in long white trousers and a long-sleeved shirt, an amateur tennis player will enter the professional tournament to be held in Cleveland next May. He will be known as Mr. Nemesis.

And if he gets as far as the semi-finals he will dramatically unmask himself and turn pro on the spot. If he fails he will remain both anonymous and amateur, and the United States Lawn Tennis Association will be unable to punish him for mixing with the pros because it won't know who he is.

These, anyhow, are the plans and theories of Jack March, the promoter of the tournament. Mr. March insists that his conscience, rather than a



thirst for publicity, has driven him to make such arrangements. They will constitute, he claims, a step toward open tennis tournaments. "Now the USLTA," he says, "is afraid of open tennis. This will focus some attention on the situation. I believe the USLTA will protest and I welcome it."

"It won't scare Mr. Nemesis. He will have a police escort at all times in case any overzealous USLTA official tries to rip off the mask."

Since USLTA officials to a man are respectable members of their communities and ordinarily models of good conduct, it seems likely that Jack March is the only man on earth who fears that one of them may attack Mr. Nemesis. Still, his security arrangements are impressive. An in-

ternationally known amateur player, he says, has agreed to be the man in the flannel mask. "He will be met at the airport and rushed to secret lodgings. He will come to the arena only for his matches and play only in the singles. Furthermore, if he is questioned, he will answer only in grunts or in monosyllables."

The austere geometry of tennis is rarely tricked up with carnival frills, even by the professionals. But Mr. March is going to embellish his tournament not only with a Masked Marvel such as professional wrestling uses, but also with borrowings from elsewhere. Some drum majorettes are being taught to twirl tennis rackets instead of batons. An object called a spatnik will be suspended from the ceiling of the arena and the tennis players invited to knock it down (for prize money) by driving tennis balls into it. A dance band will play between matches, and there will be a beauty contest whose winner will be crowned Miss Pro Tennis.

There is only one possible name for such a sideshow, of course, and Mr. March has hit upon it: Tenuisarama. "Tennis is a great sport," he says, "but it needs some help."

It seems to us that Mr. March might help tennis much more if he slipped that sack over his own head and retired to a corner to rethink this whole thing out.

Vignette in Sarasota

THERE was still dew on the rich green grass of Payne Park in Sarasota when the crowd began to gather. They waited patiently on the gravel path outside the Red Sox clubhouse; old men in straw hats, young girls in Bermuda shorts, little boys with baseball gloves. They carried cameras and autograph books. They talked in little groups, but they all kept an eye on the door of the clubhouse.

A spanking new Cadillac drove up and the crowd snapped to attention. But it was only Joe Cronin, general manager of the Red Sox and a Hall of Famer, so the crowd returned to its former pose. They were not waiting for Cronin.

Out of a side door came a lanky in-

They Said It

CAPTAIN SLADE CUTLER, Naval Academy athletic director, commenting on the Navy basketball team's No. 2 national ranking in personal fouls: "I think it's a busy game as it is. I don't think our fellows are rough enough."

JOHNNY JONES, trainer for Mrs. Gene Markey, undisturbed by grandstand booing after *Two Toms* was awarded Flamingo Stakes (see page 12): "As long as Mrs. Markey don't boo me, let 'em holler."

dividual dressed in Uniform No. 41. He trotted out to the field. The crowd was confused. Perhaps they had been waiting outside the wrong door. A few moved around to the side, but the majority held firm.

At exactly 10:30 the front door opened and the Red Sox came out on the run. Each wore a gray road uniform and each carried a glove. The numbers filed by: 21, 8, 14, 33, and the crowd let them go. A dozen or more had run the gantlet when the man for whom the crowd had been waiting appeared. He was wearing No. 9. Cameras clicked and the autograph books were thrust forward, but this was no time for autographs. Like the other players he carried a glove, but unlike the rest he cradled a bat in his left arm. It was spring again and Ted Williams was armed for battle.

Evening with Delany

ON THE NIGHT BEFORE he led Villanova to victory by winning the 1,000-yard and two-mile events in the ICA meet at Madison Square Garden, Ron Delany had dinner with a friend at the Cafe Français at the south end of the Rockefeller Center skating rink and spoke in the soft accents of a Dublin man of a wide variety of things.

Ron's companion was a man who tries to pass himself off as being from County Clare, although he is a whole generation off on that, and since they hadn't met in more than a year, there was a lot of news to be exchanged.

Ron's two brothers are doing well. Paddy is back with the Volkswagen assembly plant in Dublin and Joe (who was as promising a runner as Ron himself at one time) has come out to Canada and found a fine position with the Bank of Montreal. No sooner did Joe get settled in Montreal than he sent for Markie O'Callaghan and they were married in Montreal last November with Ron as best man. Colette, Ron's pretty sister, is 21 now and is no longer with the solicitor but has a secretarial position in the radio business. Ron's parents are in excellent health.

"Ah, this is a wonderful place altogether," said Ron, looking around



"Steer clear of Boca Raton."

the café, "and is that another restaurant across the rink?"

"It is," said the Clare man. "This one is French and that one's English."

"Oh, oh," said Ron. "I'm glad you didn't take me there. Now are the skaters out there professionals or what?"

"No," said the Clare man. "They just pay their way in to skate. Wait a minute and you'll see they're not professionals, not all of them anyway." In a moment, a man fell down and Ron nodded understandingly.

"You'll be graduating in June, Ron," said the Clare man. "What are your plans after that?"

"Well, now, I've been giving that question a great deal of thought," said Ron, buttering a piece of roll. "I believe I'd like to stay on at Villanova and do some graduate work."

"You'd continue on with your commerce and finance studies?"

"No," said Ron. "Jumbo Elliott [his track coach at Villanova] has suggested that I study law. But to be candid with you, I believe I'd like to study the drama and do a

master's thesis on the Irish theater."

"Would you be an actor, Ron?" said the Clare man. "Is that it?"

Ron thought a minute, chewing slowly. "No," he said. "Would you believe it, I'd like to be a director? Do you think I'd be fitted for that?"

The Clare man made a gesture of impatience with the very thought of anything baffling Delany. "Ron," he said, "all Dubliners are born directors. Just as all Clare men are born fighters."

"Who told you that about Clare men?" said Ron.

"A hotel maid at Cruises in Limerick," said the Clare man, "and she volunteered it herself, I didn't draw it out of her."

The waiter came finally and took the order for shrimp cocktail and swordfish steak.

"Let's talk about your running for a minute, Ron," said the Clare man. "What are the big mile events for the rest of the year?"

"Well," said Ron, "I'll fly to Dublin in May to run on the new cinder

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

track that Billy Martin [Dublin's famous promoter of amateur running] built at Santry. I'll be gone just a few days. Then, in June, I'll go to Compton, Calif. for the relays. But, of course, the great event of the year will be the European Games at Stockholm in August. I'll train very hard for that when I go home in June.



I plan to run 25 miles every day in training."

"Twenty-five miles!" exclaimed the Clare man. "Won't that be overdoing it, Ron?"

"Not at all," said Ron. "Not at all."

"Well, how much do you run every day now?"

"Only seven miles a day at present," said Ron. "But, of course, I've got my studies to keep up with."

"You don't neglect your studies, I hope," said the Clare man.

"Not at all," said Ron. "I get mostly Bs."

After dinner (Ron had baked Alaska for dessert), the Dubliner and the Clare pouter went up to watch the skaters from the street level and then strolled over to Times Square, the Clare man getting very nervous crossing streets, not for himself, but for the priceless running equipment that strolled beside him. "Be careful of the curb there, Ron," he'd say. "Watch the cars there! Wait for the light to change now!"

Ron paid no attention to that at all, but looked up at the signs in Times Square and remarked upon the movies he had seen. Of *Witness for the Prosecution* he said, "Wasn't the old maid housekeeper terrific in that one!" Under a great spectacular advertising *Raintree County*, he stopped and regarded the giant-size figure of Elizabeth Taylor wearing a necklace that had nothing to do with the neck. "I saw that picture," said

Ron, indignantly, "and there's no such costume as that in it at all!"

The strollers parted at Hotel Manhattan, where the Villanova athletes stay. "You'll go right to bed now," said the Clare man. "You've two races to run at the Garden tomorrow."

"Three," said Ron, "if I qualify for the 1,000 yards in the afternoon. [If he qualified, hah!] But I always get to bed at 9 or so before a race. I may watch television for a bit."

They said good night, and Ron's dinner companion hurried off, crossing streets carelessly against the lights, for now Ireland's greatest miler was safely indoors and all that Ireland stood to lose in a traffic accident was a fighter from County Clare, admittedly past his prime.

Praise from Caesar

THE OTHER DAY, a man being interviewed by Gene Ward, New York *Daily News* sports columnist, spoke a few solemn words in praise of Cus D'Amato, manager of Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson. D'Amato has been smeared with pots of printer's ink for his refusal to let Patterson fight such top-ranked but IBC-oriented contenders as Eddie Machen and Willie Pastrano and for his willingness to let the champion meet such unranked noncontenders as Joe Erskine, the Welsh rabbit.

Ward, who goes along with such



Consider Harvey

When poor old Harvey swallowed the punch,

We all agreed it was dreadful luck;
Except his girl, she's like a pup
Since Harvey's always pucker up

—WALT BINGHAM

criticism, reported nevertheless that he had found a defender for Cus, a defender who was willing to describe him publicly as "intelligent, honest and articulate," with qualities "that could make him a manager in the great tradition of the past, ranking him with men like Joe Jacobs, Eddie Mead, Dumb Dan Morgan, Jack Kearns and Jimmy Johnston."

"His principles may be misdirected and his convictions wrong," the man said, "but I'm willing to stake my reputation in boxing that eventually he will allow his fighter to defend against a top-ranking contender."

D'Amato, the man went on, is not stalling out of fear that Patterson would be licked by anyone now in sight.

"I know Cus realizes even better than the experts that he has one of the great fighters of our time in Patterson," the man said. "Also, I want to point out that it is part of tradition that the heavyweight champion be given extra consideration on a title defense over and beyond the six-month period."

D'Amato reacted to these words like a fighter who has been cruelly fouled. For the words were spoken by Harry Markson, managing director of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president). The IBC-D'Amato feud is, of course, at the bottom of the heavyweight division mess. And Markson, though liked and respected by sportswriters, is one of D'Amato's pet hates.

Cus brooded through the night on the IBC man's shining words. He awoke slightly groggy but with an explanation that satisfied him. "They're trying another approach," he croaked darkly through a midmorning frog. "Maybe they're starting to take my threats seriously."

The notion refreshed him and he was soon able to take breakfast.

Two-Year-Old Monopolist

JAMES D. NORRIS, president of the International Boxing Club, has, after due thought, picked an inspired name for a promising 2-year-old bay colt who will be running under Norris colors this spring: Octopus.

SENSELESS DEATH IN HAVANA



A PATHETIC CLUSTER OF SHOES TESTIFIES TO FORCE OF CRASH

THE TUMULTUOUS EVENTS surrounding Havana's sports car race last week made front-page headlines around the world: seven spectators killed and 31 others injured by a runaway car; World Champion Driver Juan Manuel Fangio kidnaped by Castro's rebels; suspicions of sabotage in the unusually heavy oil slick on the course.

Crackling news, indeed—news that tended to obscure the real lesson of Havana for friends of sport: that the race should never have been scheduled at all, that these were deaths and injuries senselessly incurred.

Perhaps the Cuban driver, Armando Garcia Cifuentes, whose Ferrari was the immediate instrument of the disaster, was in fact so inexperienced that he should not have been permitted to race. On a reasonably safe

course, however, a driver's error almost never endangers spectators. The heaviest blame for Havana's toll lies not with Cifuentes, but with the Cuban authorities who ignored two recent and unmistakable warnings.

First, there were the deaths of 13 drivers and spectators in Italy's Mille Miglia last May, then the gruesome accidents in the sports car race at Caracas in November.

The Mille Miglia was run over open roads and through city streets—a classic instance of potential danger to an essentially uncontrollable crowd. Spectators were luckily spared in the race through the streets of Caracas, but the veteran British driver Peter Collins reported, "I have never seen such a succession of accidents."

The immense gathering at Havana for its own race through the streets

numbered more than 150,000. Most of them were without a shred of protection should a racing car get loose.

The Ferrari of Cifuentes did get loose, skidding off Calzada Avenue at 100 mph and into the throng massed in Fourth of July Park, just 10 minutes after the start, leaving empty shoes of the dead and maimed in stark indictment of heedless and irresponsible men.

The vast majority of auto races today are run over closed courses at which spectators are assured substantial safety. The sport can ill afford the black eye given racing in general by these disasters.

Havana reaffirms something racing should have learned long ago: racing through public streets or before unprotected audiences anywhere cannot be justified.

DEATH-DEALING FERRARI STANDS CRUMPLED BY THE VIOLENCE OF ITS RUNAWAY DASH INTO HAVANA'S FOURTH OF JULY PARK





SILKY RUNS LAST —AT FIRST

Dawdling along the backstretch at Santa Anita, some 35 desolate lengths behind the leader, is Silky Sullivan (above right). In the last fortnight his owners have turned down offers of \$250,000 and \$350,000 for him. From the evidence exhibited here these would seem to have been



Photograph by Art Roper—Los Angeles Times

capricious refusals indeed. But shortly after this picture was taken Silky showed once more the folly of selling him short. At the half-mile pole Jockey Willie Shoemaker clicked to him and Silky perked up. At the three-eighths pole Willie "shook him up real good and he really moved."

The 3-year-old colt charged overland down the stretch, overhauling horses to win by half a length. Silky covered the last quarter mile of the six-and-a-half-furlong race in an astonishing 22½ seconds despite an off track. Win or lose, there is no more talked-about horse this year.

BAREBACK ON A MAN-EATER

The impulsive clan of Frenchmen does not always make sense to people who are not French. Pierre Pasquier, the French diver shown bareback on a shark on these pages, left his job as an engineer and sailed around the world exploring tropic waters. At the Isle of Surprise in the Pacific, Pasquier captured a large turtle. While a comrade aimed an underwater camera, up swam a 14-foot

shark and crunched the turtle, shell and all.

After pumping one shot into the shark as a tranquillizer, Pasquier jumped into the sea and astride the submerged monster and went for a short, rousing ride. Pasquier claims that the way to subdue a shark is to look it straight in the eye. Since sharks can't see very well, this makes no sense, but then, neither does shark riding.

Photograph by Bernard Gontky







COLORADO STATE FRESHMAN TED WRIGHT BROODS UNHAPPILY DURING EXPERIMENTAL GAME WHERE FOULS LED TO BENCHING

BASKETBALL WITH A PENALTY BOX

DESPITE his idle attitude, the somewhat sulky young man pictured here is not just goofing off during a practice session. He is a pioneer participant in a drastic experiment to speed up basketball, an active player in a game last week between the jayvees of the Colorado School of Mines and the Colorado State College freshmen in which hockey's penalty box was substituted for basketball's traditional free throw.

Alone of all major U.S. sports, basketball was conceived and developed within living memory with a set of basic rules which have remained relatively unchanged. Those rules are now the subject of a serious study by a special committee of the NCAA whose chairman, Colorado State Coach John Bunn, helped stage last week's game.

The trouble, if trouble there is, has been too rapid growth. When the late Dr. James Naismith nailed his now

famous peach baskets to the balcony of a YMCA gym in 1891, he created a benign monster that rivaled Jack's beanstalk. Within half a century his new game was being played by more than 20 million enthusiasts all over the world. The major change, as Naismith himself pointed out, was in the players. As time passed, their perfected strategies, speed, skill and accuracy advanced far beyond the confines of the rules to the detriment, some thought, of the game itself. One rule held suspect by many was the time-consuming privilege of free shots as a penalty for fouling.

Last week's game was the result of a deep conviction on the part of Fritz Brennecke, athletic director at CSU, that the free shot has turned basketball into nothing but "a long parade back and forth between one free-throw line and the other." Determined to find a way out of this treadmill, he persuaded Bunn to help

him try a game using the penalty box instead. The results were interesting but scarcely conclusive. For one thing, neither team had developed any new tactics to cope with the possibility of being caught shy of players. When either team found itself two men short, it tended to freeze the ball in mid-court and wait it out. With one man short, the State players tended to try for long shots and devil take the rebounds, while the Mines boys tended to drive in right under the opponents' basket. This worked fine as long as they hung onto the ball. When they lost it, they were helpless.

In the end Mines won by a close 74-70, which proved, if nothing else, that the new rules didn't drastically reduce scores. Brennecke seemed satisfied with the test. Researcher Bunn called it inconclusive. All that one player could do was gasp: "I'm too out of breath to talk about it."



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THE HUGGERMUGGER ON THE ROAD TO LOUISVILLE

by JEREMIAH TAX

TWENTY-FOUR TEAMS of eager young men—their ankles firmly taped, their thoughts firmly fixed on glory—step out on basketball courts around the country this week in a four-bracket elimination tournament that will end the night of March 22 in Louisville when the 1958 national champions receive their tokens of supremacy: gold watches and firm handshakes. An excellent crop of contestants, they promise a series of memorable, well-played games.

In the western half of the draw are the three teams this magazine rates on a par as the best in the nation—San Francisco, Kansas State and Cincinnati (see teams in red, page 34). One will be cut down when State meets Cincinnati in an early-round game at Lawrence on March 14. State will have the edge in height, experience and depth but, ignoring high-

This year's NCAA basketball tournament promises a splendidly matched series of battles to decide the champion

scoring Oscar Robertson's skill for the moment, Cincinnati will have an incalculable edge in his mere presence. It is now impossible (after Robertson's brilliant sophomore year) to go up against Cincinnati without being distracted and indeed intimidated by his proved potential. State Coach Tex Winter will doubtless put his ace defenseman, Roy DeWitt, on Robertson and this man-to-man contest may be the most interesting aspect of the game. The only reasonable predictions are that the score will be high and probably the country's second-best team will never get to the final round.

San Francisco should have an easier time of it en route to Louisville,

though if they play Seattle in the second round, as appears likely, there is a chance of an upset. A peak performance by Seattle's sharpshooting Elgin Baylor could outweigh San Francisco's usually low point production. But it must be added that both Baylor's and Seattle's records this year have been compiled against a weak schedule, so that a victory over the Ducks is a remote prospect.

The eastern draw is a hopelessly complex huggermugger of talent, and not just because several conference titles are still undecided. The closest approach to a team with over-all superiority is Temple, with the impossible-to-overrate Guy Rodgers and the vastly underrated Jay Norman. But the Owls' schedule has not been of a caliber to test them at the other three positions and it is still apparent that there is a grave weakness at center. Both of Temple's pre-Louisville games will be tough—first, it appears, against the Atlantic Coast winner and second probably against West Virginia. Both entries from the ACC and the Southern Conference are decided by season's-end tournaments. West Virginia seems certain to win its title, but four teams—North Carolina, Duke, N.C. State and Maryland—are a tossup in the ACC. Any one could qualify for the trip to Louisville.

The lower half of the East's draw is just as muddled. Kentucky, Notre Dame and the Big Ten champion must be grouped as favorites over the rest of the field. Playing on their home court at Lexington and in the

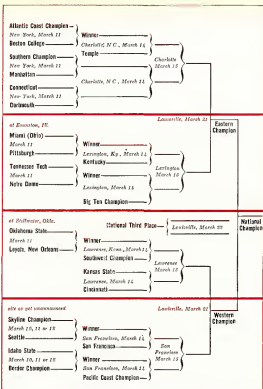


SAN FRANCISCO'S Art Day scrambles for ball as teammates Mike Farmer (32) and Al Dunbar (11) lead moral support in Ducks' conference-winning game with St. Mary's.

easier of the second rounds gives Kentucky a strong edge, but the opinion here is that this year's Wildcats cannot match Notre Dame or any Big Ten title winner in talent. Ed Beck, Kentucky's poised and intelligent center, appears to direct the team from his high post position—an unnatural spot at best—and the Wildcats often give the impression of being leaderless. Notre Dame's hopes rest largely on the ability of Tom Hawkins to maintain his phenomenal scoring and rebounding. The Irish have beaten some of the Midwest's best teams (Indiana, Purdue, Northwestern) but the over-all record is in-and-out against a spotty schedule. If Michigan State earns the right to represent the Big Ten—with essentially the same group that did so well last year in Kansas City's NCAA tournament—they deserve rank over any squad in the East except Temple. The Spartans have great poise and high morale, ingredients as essential in tournament play as skill on the floor.

Kentucky's home-court advantage—any team's, for that matter—can hardly be overemphasized, and it is a pleasure to report a most refreshing development on this score which, coming late in the season as it does, offers a happy augury for next year. That smiling Yankee from Dixie, North Carolina's Coach Frank McGuire, has come up with an idea that could do more for basketball than anything since someone thought of putting something besides peaches in baskets.

In common with all sensible fans, McGuire has long deplored the unsportsmanlike behavior by home-team partisans which has become a fixture of competition in nearly every section of the country. The harassment of visiting players, especially at tense moments of a game, the heckling and intimidation of officials are not just bad manners. They make laughable the notion that a game at Lawrence, Kansas or, yes, Chapel Hill, North Carolina is a true test of which is the better team. From the moment a visiting player is introduced before a game, thousands of hostile throats, practically at his elbow, drench him in invective and insult. For basketball the seats are closer to the action than in any other collegiate sport—at some schools, spectators literally edge the playing floor. Anyone who doubts the effect this has on players and referees need



NCAA PLAYINGS will lead to the crowning of 1958's intercollegiate champion the night of March 23 in Louisville's Fair Grounds arena. The above draw, with scores added as games are played, can be a permanent record of the tournament for interested fans.

only check his own school's record. Almost without exception, there is a wide disparity between home and road results—which can no longer be chalked off to differences in lighting or long trips without adequate rest.

Well, McGuire's idea is simple, though it took courage to put it into practice. He refuses to allow his players to be introduced before a road game, thus at least sparing them the indignity of standing alone before 10,000 misguided yowlers. And, more important, before home games he makes a personal pregame appeal to his own partisans. "Winning a game is not so important," he tells them,



















"that you have to get barbaric about it." His popularity has already improved conditions at Chapel Hill. This idea is earnestly recommended to the association of college coaches, which will meet in Louisville after this year's tournament. A simple resolution, pledging each coach to follow McGuire's example, would go a long way to eliminate this blemish on the game.

Oh, yes, the NCAA tournament. Well, here's a free guess: the Cincinnati Bearcats to win.

For Sports Illustrated's choice of the 20 top teams, turn the page

THE NATION'S TOP TWENTY COLLEGE TEAMS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED picks the best in basketball without regard to conference standings

AUBURN Southeastern Coach Joel Eaves	 Rex Frederick Great stretch run, win over Kentucky marlin Tigers strongest in SEC. Ineligible for NCAA. Frederick top scorer, rebounder.	MICHIGAN STATE Big Ten Coach Fordy Anderson	 John Green Superb rebounders despite only fair height. Well-poised first five but weak bench. Green most improved first-rank player anywhere.
BRADLEY Missouri Valley Coach Chuck Osborn	 Barney Cable Same team that won NIT last year should win again if invited as expected. Rebounding of Cable, McMillon biggest single factor.	NORTH CAROLINA Atlantic Coast Coach Frank McGuire	 Tommy Kearns Still to be reckoned with in ACC and tournament play. Brennan top scorer in league. Kearns fine playmaker. Poised, smart, deep.
CALIFORNIA Pacific Coast Coach Pete Newell	 Earl Roberson Newell-style ball-control offense quarterbacked by Robinson, plus best defensive record in conference. Weakness is shooting.	N. CAROLINA ST. Atlantic Coast Coach Everett Case	 John Riecher Four talented veterans and one sophomore have surprised ACC favorites. Evenly balanced scoring punch, only fair bench, height.
CINCINNATI Missouri Valley Coach George Smith	 Oscar Robertson Nation's best floor shooter, second in total offense despite strong schedule. Recent injuries only cloud on tournament hopes.	HOYTE NAME Independent Coach John Jordan	 Tom Hawkins Despite weak spots in schedule rates NCAA bid on high scoring and rebounding led by Hawkins. Only fair over-all height, bench.
DAYTON Independent Coach Tom Blackburn	 Don Lane Deliberate offense directed by Lane, fine feeder and playmaker. Good first five, but somewhat untested by mediocre schedule.	OKLAHOMA ST. Independent Coach Hank Iba	 Arles Clark Excellent floor and free-throw shooting, near best in nation, plus typical Iba ball control and tight defense. Reserves green.
DUKE Atlantic Coast Coach Harold Bradley	 Jim Newcomb Seasoned, all-veteran club that started poorly, then won 11 in row despite weak bench. Major flaw is no-so rebounding.	PURDUE Big Ten Coach Ray Rody	 Harvey Austin Iron-man, all-junior first five led by the brilliant Austin. Medium height, only fair shooters, great speed but little in reserve.
KANSAS Big Eight Coach Dick Harp	 Wilt Chamberlain Awesome ability of Chamberlain in close was not enough to counteract in-and-out floor shooting. Playmaker also sadly missing.	SAN FRANCISCO West Coast Coach Phil Woolpert	 Mike Farmer Nation's best defensively in ball-control league. Well-balanced scoring, Farmer fine on defense. Seasoned, deep, just fair shooters.
KANSAS STATE Big Eight Coach Tex Winter	 Jack Parr Smart, seasoned, tall and deep. Weakness is only fair speed. Not in top 15 in any important category but still perhaps nation's best.	SEATTLE Independent Coach John Castellani	 Elgin Baylor Among the top five in rebounds, which explains success of great fast break. When high-scoring Baylor is hot can match best anywhere.
KENTUCKY Southeastern Coach Adolph Rupp	 John Opler Single-pivot pattern offense, usual strong Kentucky defense. Sound on fundamentals, lack over-all height and floor general.	TEMPLE Mid-Atlantic Coach Harry Litwak	 Guy Rodgers Possibly best-coached team on list. Power at every position but center. Strong zone defense. Rodgers nation's best playmaker.
MARYLAND Atlantic Coast Coach Bud Millikan	 John Nease Fine floor club, well-drilled defensively and deliberate on offense. Hampered by midseason injuries. Could still take ACC title.	WEST VIRGINIA Southern Coach Fred Sebass	 Lloyd Sharrar So-so schedule no real guide to strength. Fine boardwork keys running game. Good height and depth. Miss adequate floor leader.



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Reds at the Crossroads

Frank questions are frankly answered by the men who run the Cincinnati baseball club

Q. In 1956, after stumbling around in the second division for 11 years, the Cincinnati Redlegs came storming up right into the middle of one of the wildest pennant races the National League has ever seen. They finished only two games out of first place, equaled the major league home run record and gained a million fans across the country with their power and an exciting brand of baseball. It appeared that the Reds were on the way. Yet only a year later the team barely managed to bang in the first division, finished a dismal 15 games behind the Milwaukee Braves and seemed to be going no place very fast. Now the club must be at some sort of crossroads. Is Cincinnati really one of the have teams of the National League as it indicated in 1956 or is it a have-not which put on one brief show of fireworks and then subsided into mediocrity?

GARE PAUL: Make no mistake about this. If being a have team means having the ballplayers who can stay in contention for a pennant and having the organization to keep the good ballplayers coming in, we are a have team. I think we are going to be in contention for a long time. We have good replacements and competition for positions. The difference between a good ball club and a bad club is generally only three players. We have about 400 in our minor league system, and we know that some of them are very good.

Q. That sounds fine—for the future. But what about this year?

HARD CORN of the Redlegs is the quartet of outstanding young ballplayers on the opposite page. Raised in the Cincinnati farm system, all four were starters in the 1956 and 1957 All-Star Games.

BIRDIE TERRETTIS: We're going to be tougher. A lot tougher.

Q. Why?

TERRETTIS: The way to judge a ball club is this: Can it balance itself off? If one or two men have a bad year, can you still go? If you can, then you have a ball club that's alive. Now we have three first basemen, the best catching staff in baseball, the best double-play combination in baseball and an outstanding infield. In the outfield we have the best young ballplayer in baseball in Frank Robinson. Given time, he will be the best hitter in baseball. Gus Bell in center is like Tommy Henrich. Always steady, always doing a good job. And our bench is far above average. Grammas would be a regular on a lot of ball clubs and the pinch hitting is outstanding. Burgess is the best pinch hitter in baseball. It's a versatile bench.

Q. But didn't you have most of those fellows last year? Bailey and Burgess and Crowe, McMillan and Temple and Hoak, Robinson and Bell and the bench. Plus Kluszewski and Post then, too. How can you say you will be stronger?

TERRETTIS: There is one thing I would like to get straight. I have never said we didn't have a good ball club last year. In fact, I think we were an improved ball club over the year before. Post didn't have a good season, Bailey slumped at the plate, and we lost Klu all year. Yet with five or six weeks to go, we were still a pennant contender.

Q. Wasn't there a lot of criticism that the organization was power-crazy, that you had too much power and nothing else?

TERRETTIS: We took our best shot

continued



PAUL: "I'm definitely not cautious. You can't be scared when you are dealing."



TERRETTIS: "Of course we think we can win. Look, what was the difference last season?"

at the pennant in '56 with a ball club built around power. We found we couldn't do it. Power alone can let you down. The one thing you want is balance. We realized that last year, and I think we had pretty good balance. I think you will find that in 1957 we ran more than any club in the league except possibly Pittsburgh. I don't mean stolen bases alone, but running. Of course, speed alone can let you down, too. A combination of the two, speed and power, is what you want.

PAUL: The power angle was mine. Let's get that straight. I love power. The makeup of the club was mine. When our pitching collapsed, I don't think there was anything Birdie could have done about it. The fact that the pitching wasn't there can't be a reflection on the manager. I think that there was a better managerial job done at Cincinnati in 1957 than there was in 1956. To keep your balance while all that was going on is an accomplishment. To keep your head in the face of adversity is something.

Q: Then there is no doubt in your mind that the trouble in 1957 was pitching and pitching alone?

PAUL: You look at all those games we lost last year when we had a lead in the seventh and eighth innings. Any time this happens, it's a collapse of your defense or your pitching. Our defense was spectacular. It had to be the pitching.

TERRETT: It always comes down to the pitching.

Q: Well, there is no doubt that the pitching was certainly pretty bad. Only two pitchers on the staff won more than 10 games—Jeffcoat 12 and Lawrence 16—and they lost 26 between them. Also Lawrence, your No. 1 pitcher, won only three games from first-division teams. Nuxhall and Klippstein fell off badly from their '56 records. You say the ball club is going to be a lot tougher this year than it was in '57. That means the pitching is going to have to be a lot better. What makes you think it will be?

PAUL: Well, before we get into that, I'd like to point out in Lawrence's defense that there were quite a few games he would have won against first-division clubs if we had had good relief pitching. He pitched good games.

TERRETT: I don't think any pitching staff can stand on its own two feet without a good relief pitcher. Look at the Dodgers with Labine. Or the Braves with McMahon. Or look at our club two years ago with Hersh Freeman.

Q: Well, if you want to start talking about relief pitching, what about your relief pitching?

TERRETT: Freeman is a hell of a pitcher. He just couldn't get untracked last year. He is going to be all right. And Willard Schmidt should help us in relief.

Q: What about the rest of your pitching staff?

TERRETT: We have Lawrence and Jeffcoat. And we expect Nuxhall to come back and be a big winner again. I'm going to make sure he's ready this spring. Then we made some trades. We gave up power—Klu and Post—and we gave up an outstanding young prospect in Curtis Flood. But we got an outstanding pitcher in Haddix, and we got Schmidt and a couple of youngsters who could help a lot. That Kutyna could be great. We also traded off a good young pitcher, Don Gross, for a guy who proved he could beat first-division clubs, Bob Purkey. We'll score less runs this year but we will also allow a lot less runs. This could be an outstanding pitching staff.

REDS' TOP PITCHER, Brooks Lawrence, won only three games from contenders.



Q: Perhaps. But to win a pennant, don't you still need that one big winner? Don't you need a guy like Warren Spahn?

PAUL: Sure, we're looking for the top pitcher. But that kind of pitcher is the most difficult to find. Sometimes you have to take what you can get.

Q: Weren't you offered either Newcombe or Antonelli for Bailey by the Dodgers and Giants? And haven't you said there are no "untouchables" on your club?

PAUL: There was quite a bit more to it than that. We might trade Bailey, but it's going to take something pretty special to get him. We have resisted every effort to get Bailey away from us. We may need more pitching but the fact remains that a good major league catcher is the hardest thing to find in baseball these days.

Q: Bailey hit .300, 28 home runs and drove in 75 runs in 1956. Last year he hit only .261, 20 homers and had 48 RBIs. Apparently you feel his '56 performance is more indicative of his ability?

TERRETT: Certainly '56 was more indicative of his ability. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Ed Bailey can catch and hit with power and throw. He's a tough guy who can play and not get hurt. When you talk about trading him, you're talking about a guy who can handle the job 14 years for you and you'll never have to worry about your catching. In any appraisal of our ball club, you're talking of a pretty important guy.

Q: Then what about Burgess?

TERRETT: It's a funny thing about Burgess. Everybody runs him down as a catcher, but then they all come around and they seem to want him. Personally, I don't consider him surplus at all.

PAUL: Remember, Birdie is an old catcher and he has helped Burgess a lot. Burgess, in addition to his hitting ability, is a good catcher and, like I said, they're pretty hard to find. It's nice to have two of them on hand.

Q: Well, then, if you're still looking for pitching, who can you deal off to get it?

TERRETT: I won't answer that except to say that I don't think I'll carry three first basemen.

Q. You mean that either Crowe or Bilko or Fondy is available?

TEBBETTS: I don't think I'll carry three first basemen.

Q. We have been talking about pitching, but isn't it true that you have another problem with Post gone? Who is going to play right field?

TEBBETTS: Right field is in better shape than most people think. We have a lot of prospects, and we can platoon out there. As for who is going to play, I'll say this: the ballplayers make your decisions for you. We can talk all we want to about who is going to play right field for us but some ballplayer is saying to himself right now, "I'm going to play right field, and I don't care what Tebbetts says." That's the guy who is going to be playing right field.

Q. Despite Robinson, isn't it possible that you might have something of a problem in left field, too? Everyone agrees that he is a great young ballplayer. He can hit, for average and with power, field and run. But what about that weak arm? Are you eventually going to have to move him to first base?

TEBBETTS: Robinson doesn't have a weak arm. When Bell was hurt, he played center field for the last month of the season and nobody ran wild on him. He has a strong arm. I will say, however, that it looks as if he is always going to have a sore arm in spring training. And it will be publicized, just like last year. Well, it's all right with us if everyone wants to think he has a weak arm. The more they write about his arm, the more other teams will try to run on him. And the more base runners he'll throw out. No, I don't anticipate moving him to first base.

Q. We were talking about trades a minute ago. You have a lot of confidence in your farm system, but the fact remains you are still going to have to make trades. You have made some spectacularly successful ones in the past, getting some outstanding players—Bell, Lawrence, Burgess, Crowe, Hoak—for practically nothing. There is talk now, however, that you are getting cautious, that you are protecting your record as a sharp trader.

PAUL: I am definitely not becoming cautious. You can't be scared of failure when you're dealing. If you



REDS' BIG MAN. Ted Kluszewski, was sent to Pirates to chagrin of Redding fans.

are afraid of the consequences, you will have bad consequences. And you can't let past deals affect you. I'll be honest. We have made some tremendous offers in the past—and other clubs have laughed at us. We're lucky they didn't turn out. I consider those attempted deals to have been big errors, just as much errors as if they had been made. No, I'm not cautious.

Q. Now that your ball club is up in the first division, do you meet with more resistance to trades? Are you finding that it is more difficult to make a deal?

PAUL: No. When you are down, you can be a little more reckless, that's all. Almost any deal you make then is an improvement. But I find you can always deal if you have the ballplayer someone else wants.

Q. Like Kluszewski? The Cincinnati fans didn't seem to like that one.

PAUL: Kluz was a great ballplayer and a great favorite in Cincinnati. But that trade may be the biggest break of Kluz's life. It's a new challenge for him; he's a proud fellow and he'll react to it.

Q. The Pirates are assuming all responsibility as to his physical condition. If it was so bad that you would let him go, why did they want him?

PAUL: They were willing to gamble. And we think that he will help Pittsburgh more than Fondy will help us... but Fondy will help us more than Kluz would. He wasn't happy here, because he didn't get to play regularly last year.

Q. Was there really trouble between Kluz and Birdie as the local papers said?

TEBBETTS: That was one of those things that got started with a rumor and just kept building up. I figured with Kluz's back trouble that Crowe could do a better job for the team at first base. Maybe Kluz didn't agree, but I'm the manager and that's the way I saw it and I know he respected my position. If he could ever have shown me he was all right and ready to play full time, he would have been given the chance. We never had any personal trouble. We both denied it, publicly. Kluz even denied it over a national television program. Everyone forgot about it. Then the trade comes along and it's dusted off all over again, and accepted as the truth. There was never anything to it.

Q. Mr. Crosley threatened in December to move the team out of Cincinnati, perhaps to New York. Did he mean it? Or was he just using the threat as a club held over the head of the civic council to get something he wanted?

PAUL: Powell Crosley doesn't play politics. He meant it. He had been assured that something would be done about the parking situation. So he went off to his island for a vacation, and when he came back and looked at the map and saw that the council had been sitting on its hands, he got a little burned. He was angry, and he was justified in his outburst.

Q. You think he would have moved, then?

PAUL: Yes, he might have. He is a forthright man and he doesn't say things he doesn't mean.

Q. Do you think he might still move?

PAUL: No, it seems that the \$2 million will be spent to improve parking and that is what Mr. Crosley wanted. If the parking situation is improved as indicated, I am sure he is going to sign the agreement to keep the club in the city for at least five more years.

continued

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REDS continued

Q. Is the parking situation the real problem or do you want a new, larger ball park?

PAUL: Parking is the problem. We have a nice ball park. Sure, anybody would like a new park but this one is all right.

Q. Is there any chance that Crossley might sell the club?

PAUL: He has resisted all attempts to get him to sell. He would never sell.

Q. Then it appears that the Redlegs are happy in their present home, they are well satisfied with the material available for this year's team and highly hopeful that the pitching, with perhaps one more trade, can do the job which it failed to do last year. This all means you think you can win the National League pennant in 1958. Do you?

TERRETT: Of course we think we can win the pennant in 1958. Look, what was the difference last year? The lack of the Milwaukee Braves against us. You would think that contenders would balance each other off, but they beat us 18 times in 22 games. They annihilated us. That accounts for the big difference in the standings last year. Milwaukee rode into the pennant over our prostrate body. They'll pay the devil doing that again.

Q. You are not a member of the Milwaukee fan club, then? You don't feel that they will win another pennant even easier than they won the last one?

TERRETT: This league is no cakewalk for anyone. Every team is tough, not just the first division. The Cardinals had a lot of success last year, and they will be good again. Don't think the Dodgers are dead. The Phillies may be the most improved team in the league. You go in to play the Cubs and you run into Drott and Drabowsky and Elston and there are no soft touches there. Or with the Pirates, either, as long as you have to beat Friend and Kline. I think a winner has to be 25% better than the next contender. Milwaukee isn't. Even if they are the best club in the league, they're not that much better. It's going to be tough this year for everybody. And it's going to be just as tough for Milwaukee as it is for the Pirates and Cubs.

END

They've Broken Up That Old Gang Out West

Thanks to Canada, western college hockey is tops. Even so, some Americans object

AFTER dropping a game 3-2 to the Minnesota Gophers in late December, Harvard Hockey Coach Cooney Weiland had some on-the-line things to say about the Wild-West style of play of the Western Intercollegiate Hockey League. In tones of deep-seated displeasure, Coach Weiland laid down: "It wouldn't be tolerated in the East. The way it was played Saturday night you might as well use picks and shovels for hockey sticks. No hockey player worth the name will complain about a legitimate body check in the open. But when they charge a guy into the fence, put elbows and sticks in his face, use threatening gestures, and molest a player when he doesn't have the puck, it is time to call a halt."

Weiland and his easterners are entitled to their indictment, but it is an opinion altogether wasted on the western hockey fans. Indeed, it is doubtful that he could have found even one sympathetic listener among the thousands that crowded into the University of Denver's big arena or the Broadmoor Ice Palace in Colorado Springs last weekend. To those screaming fans, the fierce, brawling Canadian-style hockey that put Denver's Pioneers and Colorado's Tigers in a three-way tie with North Dakota was the best collegiate hockey being played in the U.S. And, as they had no concern for the method of the game, they had none for the fact that nearly every player was the product

of such places as Portage La Prairie in Manitoba and Moose Jaw in Saskatchewan. Unfortunately, however this last is resting uneasy with many league members. In January, the Big Ten members of the WIHL—Michigan, Michigan State and Minnesota—announced they were withdrawing from the league. Later, Michigan Tech said it was leaving too.

The dispute breaking up the seven-year-old league is primarily because all but one of the teams are almost wholly Canadian and they cannot exist without constant importations from north of the border. In addition, the league, composed of seven teams from five different conferences, has always been an unwieldy, synthetic affair, racked by distrust and dissatisfaction since it was born in 1951.

There is no doubt about Canadian domination. But there is also no doubt these young Canadians are entirely responsible for the superior brand of hockey played by western teams. The seven teams have 150 players certified for eligibility, and of this number 109 are Canadians and 41 are listed as American. And certainly, some of these latter may have stepped across the line fairly recently to such places as International Falls, Minn. The University of Denver has 17 Canadians and one American; Colorado College has 18 Canadians and one American; North Dakota has 13 Canadians and three Americans; the University of Michigan has 17 Canadians and one American; Michigan State has 18 Canadians and eight Americans; Michigan College of Mining and Technology has 23 Canadians and two Americans. The University of Minnesota, coached by John Mariucci, an American who



MINNESOTA'S John Mariucci (right) is outspoken foe of Canadian domination.

has been critical of the league and its Canadian domination, has but three Canadians and 19 Americans. Mariucci is among those who feel that many of the Canadian players have more at stake than college competition and that the WIHL may be in a sense a farm league for pro hockey. In a recent statement Mariucci summed it up: "You can't tell me that some players have not gone to professional tryout camps and had their expenses paid."

Actually, the incident that triggered the Big Ten withdrawal occurred in March 1957, when Colorado College raised a question regarding the eligibility of three Michigan players—John Randall, Neill Buchanan and Wally Maxwell—all of whom were declared ineligible by the NCAA eligibility committee on the eve of the national tournament in Colorado Springs. There were threats then to break up the league. Big Ten policy-makers, who had not paid too much attention to hockey, took a long look at the WIHL and decided it was not for them. There were a number of other reasons: the difference in size and prestige of the schools, constantly mounting pressure for more American players, lack of league leadership and finally a Big Ten rule which provides that a player who is over 19 when he matriculates loses one year of competition for each year he is past

continued

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COLLEGE HOCKEY *continued*

19. Interestingly enough, the rule applies only to foreign-born students.

Denver, Colorado College, Michigan Tech and North Dakota, where hockey is a major winter attraction and hence a high-revenue sport, feel that the age rule is aimed straight at their use of Canadian players.

The University of Denver's dapper 41-year-old Coach Murray Armstrong, a veteran of 10 years of professional hockey with New York, Syracuse and Detroit and coach of the Regina team in the Western Canada Junior Hockey League for nine years, was indignant about the Big Ten rule. When it was brought up, he said angrily:

"The usual reason for an age rule is to protect younger boys from more mature players. But in this case the Big Ten wants to protect players only from mature foreign students. If an American student is older that is quite all right. We just cannot go along with this type of discrimination at all. If the rule were applied to all sports and to Americans as well as foreign students we would be glad to comply. Western League hockey is top-grade hockey because we do have Canadian players. Our players are attending the University of Denver because they want educations. They are good students, and they are not here just to play hockey. But they are good players; most have been playing since they were children."

Armstrong's counterpart at Colorado College this year, Coach Tom R. Bedeck, 28, a husky 6-foot-2, 200-pound native of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, resigned a couple of days after Michigan Tech withdrew and said he would probably return to school for an advanced degree when his current coaching assignment ends. He agrees with Armstrong that Canadians are a necessity and that their presence in force in the Western League has provided followers of the game with a better brand of hockey than that offered in the East.

"Canadians are better hockey players than Americans, not because they are better athletes, but because they are trained in it from childhood, just as many American boys play baseball from the time they are small," he said. "You don't find in this country a sandlot type of hockey, and not many American high schools offer hockey as a sport. Where they do, a boy usually gets to play about 20



DENVER'S ARMSTRONG WAS INDIGNANT

games a year for three years. When he comes to college he has played maybe 60 games. But the Canadian boys start playing as young as seven or eight. There are a number of different divisions for youngsters, and finally they play five years of competitive hockey at the rate of about 40 games a year. When they come to us, they have had about 300 games under their belts. They know how to play hockey."

The Canadians are recruited by U.S. colleges in several ways. Sometimes Canadian players read or hear about the exploits of one of the schools and write the coach, asking if they can enroll. Also, during spring vacations, the U.S. coaches travel to Canada to watch the Canadian play-offs in the hope of spotting talent. And Canadian junior teams are regularly brought into the U.S. for games with U.S. teams which provide the coaches a chance to do some scouting on their home ice. Finally, alumni in Canada watch for good prospects and pass the word on to the coaches.

"We have had to have the Canadian players to provide first-class hockey," Coach Bedeck explains. "It has been a two-way street. The fans have wanted good hockey, and the Canadians have given it to them. In their turn, the Canadians have enjoyed the enthusiasm and the support given hockey in this league. For example, a few days ago an American attendance record for a college arena was set when 17,430 fans watched two games between Minnesota and North Dakota in Minneapolis."

Most of the U.S. schools have their own rinks and artificial ice. They have heavy investments and some of them—for example, the University of



COLORADO'S REDÉCKÝ HAS RESIGNED

Denver—are carrying a large part of their athletic programs on the proceeds from hockey.

In Grand Forks, the fans are even hotter than in the Denver and Colorado Springs areas. Upwards of 5,000 of the town's 34,000 citizens have been regularly jamming into the North Dakota team's antiquated winter sports building to watch the Nodak games. Typical of the enthusiasm being shown is the story of the doctor who had to leave a North Dakota-Denver game in the second period to deliver a baby in a Grand Forks hospital. He and the new fa-

ther, a little out of wind, made it back in time to see most of the third period.

Denver Coach Armstrong has some faint hopes that the WIHL may find some way of holding together when the WIHL and NCAA hockey rules committees hold their meetings in St. Paul in mid-March. Denver has a big investment and a money raiser to protect. It is Armstrong's hope that a four-team league composed of Denver, Colorado College, North Dakota and a fourth school, possibly the Duluth branch of Minnesota, might be able to carry on a balanced program, but most of those connected with the league consider it a deceased duck.

Colorado College is itself seriously considering withdrawing from the league and may so announce within a week or so. Dr. Louis T. Beneset, president of the college, would like to revamp his school's hockey program to get a more representative team. Said a college official: "We couldn't throw out our Canadians by any means, but we'd like to de-emphasize hockey, get it back on a more amateur basis."

Though college presidents may worry, the fan does not. He likes the sort of hockey he has been getting. One Denver fan put it this way: "All I care about is for our Canadians to beat their Canadians. I don't care where the players come from." **END**

EASTERN COLLEGE HOCKEY RECORDS

Based on all games played through March 2

	WON	LOST	TIED	PCT.	GOALS FOR	GOALS AGAINST
Clarkson	15	2		.883	75	36
New Hampshire	12	3		.800	84	40
Army	14	4	1	.778	102	60
Boston University	17	5	1	.778	137	70
Middlebury	15	6		.714	147	82
Amherst	10	4		.714	53	52
RPI	13	6	1	.684	119	74
Harvard	16	9	1	.640	140	79
Dartmouth	12	8	1	.600	73	69
St. Lawrence	10	7	2	.588	95	67
Providence	11	11		.500	90	102
Brown	10	10	2	.500	77	74
Colby	9	10	1	.474	94	80
Williams	9	10	1	.474	67	84
Norwich	8	9		.471	73	71
Boston College	9	11	1	.459	73	93
Hamilton	6	9	2	.400	58	58
Yale	7	11	2	.389	74	92
Princeton	6	10		.375	64	64
Tufts	5	9		.357	63	76
Bowdoin	5	14	1	.263	60	118
Northeastern	6	17		.261	80	137
American Intern'l.	2	13		.133	31	91
M.I.T.	0	12		.000	10	112

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Look How the Owners Smile

Television has dumped happy problems on pro football—how to handle all the fans and cash

WHEN the Detroit Lions held their annual stockholders' meeting in the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel the other day, only about 50 of the 130-odd owners showed up. They were in a jovial, happy mood; suitans were a dime a dozen, and the conversation, as often as not, was about building cooperative apartment houses and driving sports cars and the weather in Florida.

Edwin J. Anderson, the president of the Lions, called the meeting to order. Mr. Anderson wore a large red carnation, a shirt with a white collar and a pleated blue front tastefully decorated with small red figures, and an air of authority—all with aplomb. He has the thickest eyebrows west of John L. Lewis, and he is an amiable, very capable man who is also president of the Goebel Brewing Company. A Beloit College football player in the mid-'20s, he has been president of the Lions for eight years. Knute Rockne called him "one of the finest players I have seen" after Anderson performed nobly against the Irish in 1925.

Anderson waved the heavy eyebrows vigorously at his stockholders and said, "I'm not surprised at the small turnout. Any time a business is doing well, the stockholders stay away from the meetings. Have a bad year, and you have to hire a hall for all of them." The president's report indicated that the Lions are not likely to hire a hall any time in the near future either.

The Lions averaged some 53,000 fans at home games in 1957—more than the capacity of Briggs Stadium. They are an artistic as well as an economic success, winning four division and three world titles since the 1950 season, when Anderson took over as club president.



EDWIN J. ANDERSON IS LIONS' BIG BOSS

No small part of this success must be ascribed to W. Nicholas Kerbawy, the ebullient general manager of the club. Kerbawy, a former high school Spanish teacher, joined the Lions in 1948, and his flamboyant personality and flair for sports promotion melded perfectly into the maturing business of pro football. Like the more successful of this new breed of executive, Kerbawy sleeps in cat naps during the season so that he can be instantly available at any hour of day or night for the quick decisions that spell the difference between champs and tail-enders.

SUCCESS FOLLOWS MERGER

The prosperity of the Lions is typical of the tremendous burgeoning of professional football in the last five years. Actually, the growth of the sport began in 1950, after the old All-America Conference folded, ending a suicidal battle between the rival leagues which cost owners millions of dollars but which created many new pro football fans. With the additional boost provided by wise use of television, the pro sport has climbed steadily since; only the Chicago Cardinals lost money last season, and the Cardinals are a unique case. Com-



NICK KERBAWY IS GENERAL MANAGER

peting in the only two-team city, they must share the popularity (and the football dollar) with George Halas' perennially colorful and successful Bears.

Yet, despite the growing prosperity of the sport, Commissioner Bert Bell of the National Football League manages to strike an arresting poor-mouth note. "Anyone who gets into this business to make money should have his head examined," says Commissioner Bell.

Indeed, it appears that although the National Football League has broken attendance records in nine of the last 12 seasons (1957 was up a whopping 11% over 1956), skyrocketing costs have kept the owners' profits down. For example: the Lions, in 1953, had a player payroll of \$390,156; but by 1957 it was up to \$384,000. Over-all operating cost of the Lions has gone from \$1,200,000 in 1953 to \$1,600,000 in 1957, and even the tremendous increase in attendance could not have overcome this rise without the pros' ace in the hole—television.

The Lions' television and radio rights bring them \$160,000 per year; their net profit after taxes in 1957 was \$151,052. At first glance, it would

seem that without television the club would have lost about \$9,000, but this quick estimate does not take into account the tax bite. The Lions' gross profit in 1957 was \$309,000, including the TV take. Without television and radio, the gross would have been some \$149,000, leaving a net profit after taxes of about \$71,520.

"One reason the player payroll has been able to go up so far is television," Bell pointed out. "Take the television money out last year, and you'd cut down profits by more than half. The clubs would have had to cut down on costs, and the big item in costs is the player payroll."

VICTORY FOR COLTS

The intangible benefit of television—the huge reservoir of new fans—can't even begin to be measured. Recently in Baltimore, the Colts and the United States Naval Academy engaged in a gingerly tug of war. Navy had scheduled Notre Dame for November 1; the following day, the Colts had a home game against the Green Bay Packers. Since Navy has a contract with the Baltimore Park Board, the governing body of the Memorial Stadium, stating that no football game shall be played in the Stadium five days before or one day after a Navy game, Navy testily declared it would move its game to Philadelphia or New York if the Colts did not cancel theirs. Said Navy Athletic Director Slade Cutter: "Baltimore is our home port, but we have

to have a sellout for Notre Dame to make playing there worthwhile. . . . I think if the Baltimore football fan has the choice he's going to pay his money to see the Colts and Packers, not Navy and Notre Dame."

Colt General Manager Don Kelllett was equally blunt. If the Park Board ruled against the Colts, he said, the Packers game would be played in Miami or Dallas.

The Baltimore Evening Sun conducted a poll to see what the fan on the street wanted; of 15 persons questioned, all 15 said let Navy and Notre Dame move but keep the Colts and the Packers here. In the face of strong indignation from the Baltimore public, Cutter came about on a new tack and agreed to play in Baltimore, despite the professional game next day.

The same howl of indignation was heard in Pittsburgh when the NCAA, deploring contamination of its amateur athletes by exposure to soil trod by pros (SI, March 3) stepped into negotiations between the Pittsburgh Steelers and the University of Pittsburgh for use of Pitt Stadium. It is no secret in Pittsburgh that Pitt Athletic Director Tom Hamilton has been cool toward the pros; in the face of a loud public clamor to let the pros in, it is likely that he, too, will have to back down.

The admission of the Steelers to Pitt Stadium will help clear up one of the main problems which besets pro football today. Four teams—Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington and

the Chicago Cardinals—have been handicapped by inadequate accommodations at home. In some cases, parking problems have cut attendance; in others the stadium capacity simply has not been sufficient to take advantage of the occasional "big game" which boosts clubs comfortably into the black. With the Steelers in Pitt Stadium and the Philadelphia Eagles moving into the University of Pennsylvania stadium, two of the bottlenecks will have been eliminated. George Preston Marshall would like a bigger stadium for his Washington Redskins and may get one; he has made goo-goo eyes at several alternate locations in an effort to prod a new stadium out of the District of Columbia. The Cardinals, playing at Comiskey Park, have no place to go; recent talks with a Houston group which would move the team to the Texas city fell through over lack of a suitable available stadium there.

The problems of the pros are relatively pleasant ones, however. What with the nationwide interest created by regionally slanted television programs prohibiting the local telecasting of home games, the pros actually have more business than they can handle. Unlike baseball, which is looking for more fans to fill empty seats, pro football is looking for more seats to accommodate a growing host of fans for whom there are no seats. No wonder Mr. Anderson and his fellow bosses are looking so happy these days.

END

THE RED AND THE BLACK OF PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL

Attendance figures for six home games and seasonal profits and losses

	1953			1957 (estimated)		
	Home Attendance	Radio-TV Income	Net Profit	Home Attendance	Radio-TV Income	Net Profit
BALTIMORE	168,038	\$83,500	-\$56,422	272,000	\$225,000	\$100,000
CHICAGO BEARS	200,052	140,000	354	257,000	125,000	70,000
CHICAGO CARDS	75,167	52,718	-\$72,365	119,000	100,000	-\$60,000
CLEVELAND	268,892	147,200	59,035	300,000	160,000	125,000
DETROIT	300,565	136,725	104,502	308,000	160,000	150,000
GREEN BAY	121,290	62,800	29,978	184,000	75,000	60,000
LOS ANGELES	263,719	78,425	77,747	376,000	125,000	150,000
NEW YORK	142,424	155,050	5,935	262,000	175,000	70,000
PHILADELPHIA	141,679	126,028	32,278	130,000	100,000	5,000
PITTSBURGH	168,220	95,000	21,858	179,000	100,000	20,000
SAN FRANCISCO	193,045	68,500	76,542	314,000	190,000	165,000
WASHINGTON	144,904	60,000	-\$374	167,000	125,000	25,000
TOTALS	2,164,594	\$1,230,825	\$68,825	2,841,000	\$1,470,000	\$280,000

On and Off the Fairways

One way of getting started on the tour—

institutionalize yourself

A full season on the pro tour costs a player, by latest estimates, about \$175 per week. An annual take, then, of less than \$7,500 is likely to drop a busy player into the red. Indeed, some of the veterans, accustomed by now to higher living standards, require an outlay of as much as \$12,000. This being the case, how the youngsters are able to follow the entire circuit when their prize money would not pay for a quarter of the tour is a question of interest to many golf fans.

Billy Casper, now in his fourth year on the tour, worked out, for example, what he considers to be a very good method of getting launched. Two Chula Vista, Calif. businessmen, Russ Corey and Dick Haas, agreed to stake their fellow townsman to a comfortable monthly allowance for two years provided that he 1) would reimburse them out of any prize money he won

and 2) would give them 30% of any winnings over the amount of the advance. Casper reaped almost \$20,000 in 1956, \$40,000 (including TV exhibitions) in 1957, and this year he has won over \$9,000 already. Now he is solidly established on the circuit, and Corey and Haas have turned a tidy profit.

Dave Ragan, a youngster with a great deal of promise, has a slightly different arrangement with a group of Daytona Beach, Fla. businessmen who call themselves Florida Sports Enterprises, Inc. In exchange for his total earnings over his first two seasons (1957 and '58) P.S.E., Inc. is giving Ragan \$12,000 annually to make the tour.

A few old-fashioned boys with no head for business are simply exhausting their own savings while they struggle to get established, but some of the other young rookies are backed by members of the golf club back home or sell shares in themselves. In this general connection, Bo Wininger, a veteran tourist, and Everett Vinzant, a 31-year-old Texan who likes a

good cigar now and then, seem to have worked out matchless arrangements. Wininger gets an undisclosed salary from an Odessa, Texas automobile dealer named Bob French. Bo's job is to serve as French's goodwill man while on the tour. Vinzant, on the other hand, gets \$1,000 per month plus a gasoline credit card from wealthy Oilman Bill Brody of Vernon, Texas for nothing more arduous than registering out of Vernon. Whatever Everett wins, Everett keeps. Everett has won \$500 in the last two years.



THIS IS BILLY CASPER INC.

Even the pros run afoul of penalty strokes

As if the patches of furiously bad weather were not making low scoring difficult enough to begin with, a sudden and unexplainable rash of penalty strokes has broken out among the touring professionals this winter. It began at The Crosby when young Tony Lema marked a 10 on his card instead of his correct score, a 9, a bit of inflation which cost him \$75 in prize money. In the same tourna-

ment Ken Venturi absent-mindedly pulled up a harmless out-of-bounds stake. Price: two strokes and, ultimately, \$267 in prize money.

At Tucson, warmed up by this time, the pros really cut loose with a magnificent mass surge of infractions. In the qualifying round, Art Berry of Detroit walked onto the course with 15 clubs—one over the legal maximum—and carried them throughout the full 18 holes. He was assessed 36 penalty strokes (at the rate of two a hole) and finished with a not-too-sizzling 118. Milon Marusic toted

an extra wedge two holes (four penalty strokes and \$400, it turned out), Bill Ogden played 10 holes with an extra putter (20 strokes), and Tony Holguin played the first hole with an extra wedge in his bag which, oddly enough, wasn't even his (he smashed it on the spot). Other seasoned veterans dropped their clubs on the ball, moved their ball accidentally or simply went whole hog and played the wrong one. When the stumbling and bumbling at Tucson was over, a new FGA tournament record had been set: 68 penalty strokes.

The top 10 money winners and their TTT points

KEN VENTURI	\$12,239	152.0	E. J. HARRISON	\$6,460	155.0
FRANK STRANAHAN	9,954	122.0	PORRY OLIVER	5,342	20.2
JAY HEURTY	9,550	153.5	ROBERTO DE VICENZO	5,202	30.5
BILL CASPER JR.	9,155	196.5	LIONEL HERRERT	5,915	104.0
BOW FINSTERWALD	7,400	160.0	BO WININGER	5,745	162.0



Tip from the Top

HARRY OBITZ, *Shawnee Inn and CC, Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa.*

Getting into the classical position

THE golfer who hits from the top of the backswing is in effect throwing the club away. He is more than likely to be the fellow who has worked very consciously to get his hands cocked at the top. His work goes for naught because he does it at the wrong time and in the wrong way.

The critical point in the swing occurs when you start down from the top: either you move into what I call the classical position or you don't. Once you learn how to get into this classical position—illustrated in the drawing below—you are bound to hit the ball right, and with good power. How do you get there?

To begin with, you should hold the club firmly with the left hand, less firmly (almost loosely) with the right. Forget about the hands and the wrists as you swing back. (You will probably go back better.) Then start down with both arms, getting the forearms ahead of the hands. That's the key move. When you get the forearms in front of the hands, it forces the weight over to the left side and it sets up a natural and important motion: the hands cock themselves as they sweep past the waist and enter the hitting area. In this classical position they are cocked at the right time and in the right position to produce a real hitting action and fine golf shots.



NEXT WEEK: Joe Cusumano on hitting through correctly

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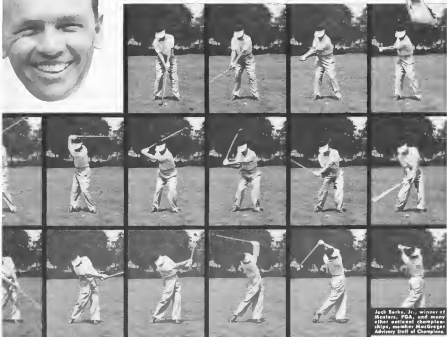
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BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Keeping in balance

33 This resistance exercise is a study in harmony, the goal being balance

Here Bonnie and Suzy show you how to do a variation of the resistance exercise they demonstrated in their first mother-daughter act (SI, Feb. 24). The principle here is the same as for any resistance exercise done by two people: the object is not to overcome your partner by superior strength but to "resist" each other to the point where one force balances the other. As the child grows stronger and heavier, the point of balance will, of course, change. Be sure to explain that this is a cooperative venture and not a competition where the parent has the obvious advantage.



Stand facing each other grasping a short, strong stick, the parent's hands together, the child's on either side of the parent's. Put your knees and foreheads together.



Slowly lean back, knees still touching, until arms are straight. Hold for a slow count of five and gradually pull back, increase the hold count by five each week.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A Dummy Reversal by Lenz

IN WRITING about bridge, as in playing it, I am happy to acknowledge a debt to an 84-year-old youngster whose long string of championship victories spanned three generations of the game—whist, auction and contract. I refer, of course, to my friend Sidney Lenz, the Grand Old Man of bridge. He was the first to write about many of the plays that have since become standard. He is a sparkling raconteur, a high-ranking amateur at table tennis and a bewildering prestidigitator.

Such feats of magic as he produced as South, declarer in the play of the hand I am about to relate, had nothing to do with legerdemain—although the way he materialized the 13th trick from thin air appeared for all the world to be an optical illusion.

The auction would appear to add clairvoyance to Lenz's many talents, since he bid the grand slam without an ace in his hand. But North's bidding clearly revealed the three aces he needed, and South himself with his convenient void could take care of the first trick in hearts. So, when North got around to proclaiming his powerful spade support at long last, South decided to go for all the marbles.

West opened the play with the jack of hearts. South ruffed this trick and counted up the rest that could be easily won. The total came to 12—five spade tricks, six club tricks and the ace of diamonds. The 13th card that stubbornly remained to be taken care of was that extra little diamond in South's hand.

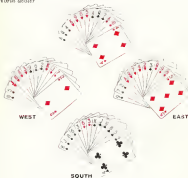
Obviously, the grand slam could be made only if one of dummy's trumps could take care of that losing diamond. However, since the laws of contract bridge are always the same for Mr. Lenz as they are for any ordinary player, there is a rather sticky little penalty to be paid for trumping a suit of which you are not void. At least three rounds of trumps would have to be drawn before South could safely discard dummy's diamonds on his clubs—and by that time dummy would have no more trumps to use for ruffing diamonds. Nevertheless, Lenz did find a most useful and ingenious way to let dummy's trump take care of his diamond loser.

No black magic was required. After ruffing the opening lead, a diamond to dummy's ace let declarer trump another heart. Next, South cashed the king of spades and led a spade to dummy's queen. A third heart was ruffed with South's remaining spade, dummy got back with a club, and, while the ace of spades drew East's last trump, it also took care of providing a parking place for South's remaining diamond. The clubs were good for the rest of the tricks.

Extra trick: The play Lenz used to materialize the extra trick for his grand slam is called a "dummy reversal." It seldom pays to use trumps in the long-trump hand for ruffing; except as this may establish a long suit in dummy, this play normally will not add any tricks to the total you are otherwise able to win. The exception is the one case illustrated here, where you are able to bring the long trump hand down to a holding of fewer trumps than the opposite hand began with and thereafter use what started to be the shorter hand for the purpose of drawing the adverse trumps.

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	1 ♥	1 ♣	PASS
2 NO TRUMP	PASS	4 ♣	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	6 ♣	PASS
6 ♣	PASS	7 ♣	PASS
PASS	PASS		

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On the lookout, Bob and I scan elephant country from tree



Photograph by Robert Grinn

THIS WAS MY AFRICA

In the green hills of Kenya, Sports Illustrated's hunting reporter finds a paradise rich in animals and adventure

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

A XOOX SUN stood high in the sky and the sound of grasshoppers scraping their wings formed background music for a dozen birds. I climbed to the top of a fallen giant and looked down on my elephant, massive and still beneath me. This was Africa. And in this moment were fulfilled the dreams of a lifetime.

All of my dreams and the dozens of books and movies on which they were built had not prepared me for this moment. I was here at last, and I had actually shot an elephant. The feeling was one of awe and excitement, of triumph mixed with sadness, of reality and unreality. Underlying all of my first impressions of Africa was this sensation of unreality, of being at last in a place I'd hoped to be for as long as I could remember—and then being almost uncertain that I was actually here, that maybe this, too, was a dream.

From the moment we arrived in Nairobi, Kenya's capital and the safari capital of the world, we were caught up in the excitement of a city

continued





Sighting a herd (above), we watched cows and calves enjoy bath in swampy watering hole on Northern Frontier

Enthroned on a giant, I sat atop my elephant minutes after it had fallen to a single slug from my Winchester .358





A flurry of vultures fights over fresh zebra carcass. Getting this close to the wary birds took 30-minute crawl

A moment of idleness was break at midday. Living tent in background was set up on site of abandoned village



AFRICAN SAFARI

continued

geared to visiting hunters, expatriated novelists and traveling movie crews. I stood with my husband, Bob Grimm, at the bar of the New Stanley Hotel and watched a procession of characters wander by from all the books and movies on Africa we had ever known. Men with great red beards and British accents argued wars of half a century ago with retired Indian officers; turbaned desert princes toasted bejeweled Hollywood starlets; a delicate old lady discussed the ballistics of her pearl-handled revolver with a latter-day Colonel Blimp who incongruously had killed three Mau Mau.

Outside, lights burned through the night as dinner-jacketed businessmen ended the day in the Mogambo and Equator clubs while Moslem merchants began theirs in a dozen little shops along the avenues. Signs flashed messages about Chevrolet, Lever Brothers, Daraprim for malaria, and latest Wall Street stock prices. Natives lounged on the city square ogling an endless stream of baggage moving in and out under the marquee of the New Stanley. Tanned hunters climbed from battered Land Rovers, dust-covered after a month in the bush. Others headed out of the city and toward their own adventure.

For to each hunter an African safari is what he makes it and what he wants it to be. It can be the roughest hunt imaginable, or the easiest, or anything in between. This is so because the land is vast and sparsely populated, and because it is rich and crowded with an unbelievable abundance of game.

For us, Africa was 10 times what we had hoped for, and our safari was the rainbow at the end of our dreams. In Kenya's green hills we found excitement, adventure and hunting as we never imagined it could be.

Of all experiences on safari, elephant hunting was the most unforgettable—not because an elephant is necessarily smarter or more difficult to hunt but because of its tremendous size. My first sight of an elephant was a moment of complete disbelief. There, before me, ambled casually among sparse trees which came only to its shoulder, was an animal which seemed twice as big as I had expected.

In the days that followed we saw many elephants as we searched for



SCENE OF SAFARI: Is illustrated on map above which shows general routes traveled, major areas we hunted, our three campsites and region in which buffalo was killed.

one which had tusks large enough to take for a trophy. In all that time I was never able to overcome my sense of awe at their size.

When finally we located a really good elephant, it was in the company of many others. This, our white hunter Owen McCallum told us, was an unusual sight since adult bulls seldom travel together. Old bulls, especially, prefer being alone or with no more than one companion. They look for quiet, Owen said, because like old men they often become crotchety with age.

But on this morning there were 11, and among them was a bull with tusks which appeared to sweep along the ground as it moved. We buddied together, Owen, Bob, myself and our two trackers, using the low, thorny bushes typical of Kenya's Northern Frontier country as cover, while we watched the herd move slowly before us. Each of us took turns studying the big bull through binoculars. It would be an excellent trophy but, in the company of so many elephants, a dangerous one to stalk.

For three hours we followed the herd, moving carefully through the bush, concentrating on wind changes which might send our scent to the animals ahead. Eventually, as we hoped, the elephants began to separate, moving in small groups away from each

other. The country in this area is flat and sandy, covered with low thorn bushes and an occasional acacia tree. There is seldom anything big enough to climb to safety or to get behind.

Even our trackers, Mamu and Methui, who had lived all their lives with elephants, were visibly nervous as we moved closer and closer to the group in which our big tusker was. With it was a young bull and a very big elephant with a broken tooth. About 50 yards from them, a pair of bulls strolled leisurely among the bushes. Though he knew that we could not afford to pass up so good a trophy, Owen was disturbed that the other animals remained so near.

Another half hour passed and the elephants slowed their pace. They were looking for a place to stop and rest. Our excitement mounted as we watched them pause, move restlessly for a moment, then stand motionless in the midday sun.

Owen scooped up a handful of sand and let it slip through his fingers. He nodded us in the direction of the lightly blowing wind. Carefully we shifted position until the wind was coming directly from the elephants to us. I looked at the elephant that was to be mine.

Only then did full realization of the moment reset upon me. My heart,

continued

AFRICAN SAFARI

continued

which had been pounding, seemed to pound harder. Side by side we moved in crouched position toward the elephants. Fifty yards from where they stood we stopped. My hands on the .458 were clammy. Owen motioned the others back and I knew that Bob was setting up his camera. I looked at Owen. He shook his head and motioned me on. I got down on my knees and began crawling forward. I was conscious of nothing but the elephants and the sound of my breathing. Owen touched my shoulder and I knew that we had still to move closer.

Owen had explained before the hunt that the brain of an elephant is relatively small and can best be reached in only one specific place. He said I would see a ridge midway between its ear and its eye. The center of this spot, an area of about three inches, was where I should aim. But should I miss, there would be an infuriated elephant and no place to run.

As we moved closer, my consciousness seemed aware only of this target. Thirty yards from the animal I stopped and twisted to a kneeling position. I fixed my sights on what I hoped was the elephant's brain. Deliberately, I took a deep breath and began to squeeze the trigger. The wind made the muzzle sway. I took another breath and started again. My hand tightened.

I did not hear the rifle go off. There seemed to be a long moment in which nothing happened. Then the elephant shuddered. In slow motion, noiselessly, it sank to the ground. I could see its knees bend under gracefully as it went down. The thud of its body striking the ground came after, and with it a more terrible noise. The young bull threw up its trunk and trumpeted in anger. Then it rushed toward us.

Owen fired at its feet and shouted, "Don't hit it. Try to turn it." I fired twice as Mamu screamed, "Run!" Behind me, Bob's tracker was shouting at him to run. Owen's gun was spurring dirt into the elephant's face and I think all of us were yelling something as I half ran, half aimed another shot in front of the elephant's feet. Fifteen yards from us, it turned.

We stood for a moment dust-covered and unspeaking. Then, as we walked to the fallen animal, I was suddenly aware of a sadness which other hunters have reported after

killing an elephant. Partly it was the sadness I have never escaped when the act of death is done and a once-wild creature lies still forever. Partly it was regret that the life of an animal so large and majestic can be snuffed out by a single tiny missile of lead. And part of the sadness, I think, was the letdown which comes after an experience of such tremendous intensity; the finality which follows, bland and empty, upon the mixed and powerful emotions that surged toward the climactic moment of action.

I don't really understand why I wanted so much to shoot an elephant. I know why I hunt when I stand in a forest with a pink dawn filtering



HUNTER'S HANTHBEST was the product of high hopes and some hard stalking.

through the trees and the sound of sleepy birds awakening to a new day. I am conscious of the magic of nature when a chattering squirrel hops within feet of where I wait motionless, or I glimpse the silent, almost imperceptible movement of a young deer tiptoeing through the woods. But I am not sure why this, which is as much a love of the wild as it is a response to an age-old instinct, is sometimes not enough.

All the elements which I enjoy in deer hunting were here—the stalk, the increased sensitivity to surroundings, the intense concentration on a single objective, the challenge of meeting an animal in its own environment—but with an elephant there was something more. From the mo-

ment I saw my first elephant in Africa, I was frightened by its size and the unpredictable things about it which I didn't know. Crawling in on the elephant I was to shoot, the fear was almost paralyzing. My skin was cold, my heart raced as though I had run a dozen miles. Yet, almost as if I were hypnotized, something inside me kept luring me closer. With each move I felt a thrill almost like that which a child must experience when he lights his first match, and then, knowing the danger yet fascinated by it, moves his finger closer and closer to the flame. In one sense I, too, seemed to be playing with a flame, tempting whatever fates were there that day, afraid because I was doing so, but intrigued by the fear.

THERE was a festiveness in camp that evening which extended to all of our native boys. The cook, who regularly performed culinary miracles on an open wood fire, made a special antelope roast and baked a celebratory cake in the five-gallon tin can he used for an oven. Each of the boys in turn shook my hand and mumbled in Swahili a message of congratulation.

As we sat before the open fire, recounting the day's adventure for the 20th time, Gongi, the boy whose job it was to skin our trophies, brought me a bracelet he had fashioned from the wiry tail hairs of my elephant. In Africa this is a symbol of good luck and the reward of a successful elephant hunt.

Besides Gongi, we had a boy to wait on table, one who supervised the camp, three to gather wood and water, another to attend the chemical toilet. Our dining tent had a kerosene refrigerator which was always filled with cold beer and a variety of delicacies. In our sleeping tent there were twin cots, chairs, on request a canvas bathtub which was filled with hot (though often muddy) water, and even twin mirrors hung at Bob's level and mine. In the morning we'd drop our soiled clothing on the floor and by nightfall everything was washed, ironed and neatly folded away in our tin trunk.

Wherever we set up camp, natives in the vicinity wandered by to look us over. Often they seemed frightened of us, and particularly of our long-lensed cameras, but curiosity brought them in spite of their fears. When we camped in the plains area southwest of Nairobi, young Masai

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AFRICAN SAFARI

continued

girls sometimes came with gourds of milk which they exchanged with our boys for corn meal. To put them at ease one afternoon, I helped fill their gourds with meal and noticed that they were intrigued by my nail polish.

In sign language I offered to paint their nails. Hesitantly they extended dirty black hands and watched fascinated as their nails were turned red. Then I showed them how to blow on the polish to dry it, and for 10 minutes four shaven-headed, bare-breasted Masai debutantes blew on their fingernails. I don't know what reaction their transformation had in the Masai village, but no American teenager ever looked more pleased after a beauty treatment.

Among the Somalis of the Northern Frontier, too, I noticed this particular fascination for nail polish, makeup and jewelry, which was often strong enough to overcome their initial fear of us as strangers. In the region where we hunted elephants, we made it a practice each day to stop at a tiny Somali village where we tried to make friends with the natives. As curiosity overcame fear, they finally permitted me inside the huts, which is a wall of twigs and grass surrounding the huts of the village. Soon they were listening to the ticking of my watch and looking through our binoculars—and we were friends.

That flat, brushy country of the Northern Frontier is an excellent area in which to hunt rhinos. Owen, who a year before had been knocked down by a rhinoceros, gave us a good idea of what to expect from this animal. The rhinoceros' stupidity, he warned, warrants the hunter's special attention. Where most animals, except when sick or wounded, run the other way when man comes along, the rhino more often than not will charge anything moving which suddenly confronts it. We saw proof of this later when we watched a rhino repeatedly charge an elephant until the elephant finally had enough and sent the rhino on its way much sadder for the encounter.

My own experience was somewhat similar to the elephant's. After following a fresh rhino track some 20 minutes through moderately heavy bush, we finally caught sight of a huge, dark head projecting from behind a tree. At this point the wind changed,

and did so several times; with each change we altered our stalk. On about the fourth attempt to move in close, I crossed a small clearing and was about to swing around a bush when over it I saw a number of birds wing into the air with loud chirping. From what I'd read, these looked like tickbirds and their taking off meant the rhino was alarmed.

Instinctively I jumped back into the clearing just as the rhino rambled out from behind its tree, paused for an instant—head down, forefoot pawing the earth, and wheezing its peculiar snort—then visibly gathered itself together and rushed headlong toward where I stood.

On reflex I yelled loudly to Owen, "Shoot!" and fired my rifle. The rhino veered sharply from me and galloped in a cloud of dust out of sight. I looked down and realized that there was already a new cartridge in the chamber of my .458 and that the first shot must have been fired from the hip. At least it had turned the animal. We paced off the turning point: it was 12 feet from where I'd been standing.

As I watched the dust resettling on the ground, I reflected on the peculiar clarity of thought which must have passed through my mind in split seconds. For in those seconds I had consciously recognized the signal of the birds and the danger of being unable to shoot accurately through bush, had questioned my own reaction under panic conditions and, not trusting it, shouted to Owen to shoot and had then automatically fired my rifle and prepared it for a second shot. Well, at least I knew now that I wouldn't freeze under charge, but probably the only way anyone ever finds out is by having it happen.

The departing rhino, which I suspected hadn't even been hit, left a very easy track to follow. About 40 yards away we found a large quantity of bright red blood which looked suspiciously like lung blood. About 30 yards from this we found the rhino, very dead.

BESIDES elephants and rhinos, the Northern Frontier offers excellent bird shooting. Bob and I had always thought of Africa in terms of big game and were really surprised to find bird shooting which surpassed any place we'd ever previously hunted. Guinea fowl were the most fun to shoot because they invariably got the best of us.

These big, purple-colored birds travel in flocks and are reluctant to fly, but they can travel along the ground like greyhounds. Our shotguns were always handy in the Willys jeep we used to get from camp to the various hunting areas. Whenever a flock of guineas was sighted, Bob would leap out one side of the moving jeep and I out the other, and we'd take off cross-country after the birds. The challenge was in scaring them into the air so that we could shoot before they outdistanced us running. On more than one occasion it was one of us who went flying face first in the mad scramble after a flock of guineas.

Sand grouse and quail were less frustrating to hunt and equally good to eat, but the most exciting bird hunting was for waterfowl. Nothing is more thrilling for New Yorkers who can hunt seasons and never see a goose than to flush several different kinds of geese, a few dozen ducks and maybe a grouse or two all in one hour. Fowl was also a nice variation in our diet, which otherwise consisted chiefly of antelope meat.

Many evenings we wandered on foot 15 or 20 minutes from camp to small potholes or swampy ponds where we would sneak up Indian-style on ducks and geese. Since waterfowl is not popularly hunted in Kenya, the birds are reasonably unwarry and have a tendency to sit tight much longer than ducks and geese in the U.S. Often we crept to within feet of a grass frond hiding a goose before the bird suddenly flushed practically into our faces. These were the shots we usually missed.

Our antelope hunting came to be called "Grimm hunting" by the trackers, who never quite understood why we spent so much time trailing antelopes the hard way. An interesting thing about African animals, Owen pointed out, is that they show relatively little fear of automobiles even though they see very few of them. He thinks it is because the jeep covers up human scent and arouses their curiosity without alarming them. Because of this, it is often much easier to get close to a herd of animals in a jeep than on foot.

Before starting our safari, Bob and I both agreed that hunting in Africa, to be successful for us, had to meet the same standards which we set for ourselves when hunting at home. One of these was our insistence that Owen never fire at any game we were hunting unless he was positive that our

lives might be endangered if he did not. We both wanted to be absolutely certain that any trophy we took was earned 100% by one of us and not helped along by our hunter. Another was the stalk, which both of us feel is the most important—and also the most exciting—part of any hunt. For this reason we probably did a lot more walking than is really necessary on safari. But Grimes hunting gave us many pleasant moments.

Evenings when we weren't bird shooting, we'd go out antelope stalking, much to the bewilderment of our trackers, who preferred riding to

the second failure, our trackers were convinced that we didn't know what we were doing. We weren't positive that we did either, but we were sure that we hadn't yet encountered any African animal we felt was more wary or more difficult to hunt than our native whitetail deer. Until we did, we planned to use deer-stalking techniques on antelopes.

Fortunately for us they worked, and several afternoons later Bob and I managed to get on opposite sides of a small herd and by creeping carefully up on it took the best Hunter's hartebeest we saw on the trip. This

for the black hairs which often grow in their manes. Because the Masai lion is considered by the Kenya government superior to most lions found elsewhere in the colony, a special license is required to shoot one.

Three sebra baits, a favorite lion delicacy, were hung in various trees before we finally attracted one of the big ones. It was already daylight when we checked the second of these baits with glasses from about a mile away and saw the tawny form beneath it. The wind, which plagued all of our hunts, opened the worst possible approach to us. Because of this we left the trackers behind, and Owen, Bob and I began crawling through the foot-high grass. When we were about 70 yards from the lion, and hoping that we might still get another 20 or 30 yards closer, the animal sensed danger and left the bait. It turned and padded inquisitively in our direction, sniffing the air. Then it stopped and snarled. We stayed motionless where we were. Owen whispered to me, "It suspects something is wrong. Better try for a shot from here."

As carefully as possible, I pulled myself to a kneeling position. Directly between me and the lion was a small bush which would surely deflect my shot. The lion was already quartering to take off in the other direction. It kept up a low, annoyed growl. I leaned on one knee as far to the right as possible so that I was aiming around the side of the bush, lined up on the lion's shoulder and fired. In such a position the .458 sent me sprawling backward. But not before I saw the animal somersault into the air, come down and, howling, take off.

We followed, not sure what to expect. The lion had run about 50 yards before falling. It was shot cleanly through the shoulder—and was about twice the size I thought lions should be. Owen estimated it would go over 500 pounds, and in its heavy mane were those long black hairs for which the Masai is prized.

LEOPARDS, like lions, are often attracted by baiting, but many safaris, Owen told us, never see a leopard even when using this method. Or when they do, he said, they fail to bag it. Unlike the lion, when a leopard senses danger it rarely waits to investigate but heads instantly for heavy cover. This elusiveness makes it a highly coveted African trophy.

continued



THE WARMING GLOW of a campfire was welcome luxury on cool evenings in plains area as Bob (left), Owen and I relish day's adventures over equally warming Martinis.

walking and assumed that everyone else should. In spite of their lack of enthusiasm, Bob took a near-record impala this way and a fine oryx. A waterbuck, which we tracked until dark for three consecutive afternoons and more miles than I'd like to remember, is one of my favorite African trophies chiefly because it proved so elusive.

The real test for the trackers came, though, when we said we'd like to shoot a Hunter's hartebeest, a rare African antelope because its range is limited to a tiny area near the Tana River in the Northern Frontier. Within a week we had the unusual luck to come upon two good bucks—and on foot lost both of them before we ever stalked within shooting range. By

didn't succeed in completely converting our trackers, but it helped.

Besides the several antelopes we shot for camp meat, and those with good heads which we shot for trophies, several others were necessary for lion and leopard hunting. Because cats are nocturnal, Owen reminded us, it is uncommon to come upon them during the daylight hours. This poses a problem for the hunter which is generally best solved by baiting. A lion enjoying a free meal is sometimes careless enough to dine late into the morning sunlight.

We hoped this would hold true when we hunted in the great, grassy plains of the Masai country south of Narok (see map) where, Owen said, lions attain great size and are prized

AFRICAN SAFARI

continued

Its custom is to drag its kill into a tree and hang it high in a branch where it will not be safe from other predators. Apparently, the more decayed the meat the more the leopard enjoys it. Once it begins feeding on a kill, a leopard may return several nights running to finish its meal. Three days passed before one began feeding on an impala we hung in a tree some 50 feet from the dense stream growth which leopards seem to frequent.

About 150 feet on the other side of the tree we built a rough blind of bushes to give us cover while we waited for the leopard to return. From inside, Owen, Bob, Methul and I watched the tree through periscope. Owen, who had hunted several dozen leopards in his nine years as a professional guide, told us that in all that time he had never once seen a leopard actually climb a tree or cross a clearing from heavy bush to a tree. On every occasion, he said, the bait was alone one instant and in the next a long spotted cat stretched over it. Wounded or alarmed, they disappear with equal speed; a good reason, he reminded us, for making the first shot count.

Just as evening was darkening the bushes around us, the leopard returned. Our eyes were tired from staring at the tree, mosquitoes had plagued us unmercifully and we were tense from waiting motionless so many hours. Suddenly on the branch a leopard appeared as if by magic. One second the branch was bare, the next it was not. For a moment we did nothing, each uncertain that this was not imagination. I heard Bob suck in his breath. Then he fired.

Something seemed to drop off the branch, but so fast that I wasn't sure I had actually seen anything. We cautiously moved out of the blind. There was nothing under the tree, not even a drop of blood to indicate that the cat had been hit. There was no trail, no sign. Night was close and it was growing more difficult to make out the dense wall of stream growth nearby. Safeties off, we tiptoed shoulder to shoulder toward the thick bush. The only sound was our labored breathing.

Bob is a good shot and he was confident that he'd held steady on the target. The leopard must be wounded. And if so, Owen said, we were

no match for it in the gathering darkness. Juma, our mess boy, had followed one under similar circumstances some years before. The animal waited for him to pass, then sprang and disfigured him for life. Reluctantly we listened to his arguments when, from just inside the heavy bushes we heard a single, ugly snarl. The leopard was in there all right, and badly wounded, Owen guessed, or it would have been miles away by now. The only choice we had was to wait for dawn.

Gloom hung over the camp that night. Safari boys are generally cheerful, and evenings they joke among themselves and sing around their campfire. That night, sharing our disappointment, they were silent. Over a Martini, we talked. For an hour we debated how we might go after the leopard without endangering ourselves. By morning, we were certain, the scavengers of the jungle—the jackals, hyenas, wild dogs—would have found the dead trophy and carried it away. By now, we were sure it was dead. Owen was not and refused to hear our various

plots for going after it that night.

By the Professional Hunters' Association rules, clients are not supposed to follow wounded big game into heavy cover. At our insistence and because of our hunting experience, Owen agreed to relax this rule, but only if we would wait until morning. Finally we decided there was one thing we could do. At least we could go back and take down the bait. By dragging it away from where we thought the leopard was, scavengers might be lured in the opposite direction.

In the jeep we drove back to the baited tree. About 30 yards from it our headlights picked up the hanging impala. It was swaying on the branch. Above it stretched a long feline form. Golden in the beam of light, a tawny yellow lioness was clawing at the meat. We tooted the horn. She continued on her meal undisturbed. Bob jumped out of the jeep and shouted. Still she ate. Finally he took a few steps toward the tree. With a bored look the lioness glanced down at him, made one more pass at the meat, then gracefully



AT END OF SKIRMISH with quick-tempered rhino I was happy but a little shaken. Here Owen McCallum thoughtfully estimates the weight of the trophy's valuable horn.

leaped from the tree and disappeared into the darkness.

Owen cut down the bait. There was no need to drag it away now. As soon as we left, he said, the lady would return for it. As we swung the jeep around toward camp, our lights picked up her amber eyes. She hadn't gone far away.

Before sunlight we returned. All the boys came with us, carrying poles to cut away the bush. We alternated—a native with *poupa*, one of us with rifle. In five minutes of chopping the search was ended. A few feet inside the wall of bush the leopard lay undisturbed where it had died the night before—in death as in life, a creature of magnificence.

There was still one animal which had eluded us. Of all African trophies, the Cape buffalo was the one we wanted most. The dozens of tales we'd read about the buffalo intrigued us, but the respect which Owen and all of the natives vocally expressed for the animal's cunning and intelligence excited us even more.

Around the campfire we listened to Owen's tales of the buffalo's endurance, tremendous physical strength, its viciousness when wounded. All big animals are dangerous when injured, he told us, but none is as dangerous as the buffalo. With its fine brain and great strength, a wounded buffalo sooner or later becomes the hunter instead of the hunted, meticulously and skillfully doubling back to stalk its human enemy.

The white hunters have a theory about this. They believe that any big animal which is not killed by the third shot may take 20 or more to die. An overproduction of adrenalin follows the initial wound, they claim, which makes the animal impervious to further pain or shock, giving it in its last moments of life a superanimal strength.

Our hunting time was running out. With only three days left and weeks of fruitless searching behind us, we feared we might never find buffaloes. Then, through the bush toward our camp came a jeep. In it was a government veterinarian headed down-country to inoculate a herd of Maasai cattle. There were hundreds of buffaloes where he was going, he said. Without further word, we packed our bedrolls, food, rifles, took along Ma-mu and Methui, and headed the Willys after him.

continued

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AFRICAN SAFARI

continued

The trip was about 50 miles, an all-day journey in that roadless, rough terrain. By late afternoon we'd lost the veterinarian's trail and continued on alone. As soon as we located buffalo sign, we planned to pitch our bedrolls and begin hunting the next morning. Plans changed when up ahead we saw the welcome green tents of another safari. A great bulk of a Californian and his 18-year-old son invited us to spend the night, as anxious for American company as we had become in a month away from civilization. They had located many buffaloes and already taken two.

At 3 the next morning, young Richard Colyear Jr. and his white hunter, John Cook, took us part way to the area in which they'd previously seen buffaloes. They had a lion bait to check but promised to join up with us later in the morning. Dawn was just touching the great grass plains when about a mile and a half away we saw a hill dotted with black spots. There must have been 150 buffaloes in the herd, and from where we were they looked like cattle grazing in a meadow. We took off on foot, passed several stands of thick bush, crossed a stream and worked our way through heavy stream growth to the foot of the buffalo hill. For a full half mile to

the top of the hill there was nothing but low, uninterrupted grass. On top of the hill one small bush furnished the only cover we could hope to find.

On our stomachs we began to crawl single file up the hill. Occasionally we peeked over the grass. The herd stood motionless and alert, facing in our direction. This was the hardest stalk I've ever made. The morning was cold and the grass was soaking wet. With one arm I pulled myself inch by inch up the grade; with the other I guarded the muzzle of my rifle from twigs and mud. Each time I looked over the grass I wondered what would happen if the herd began moving toward us. I didn't think we'd have a chance. Through the entire stalk the buffaloes remained, looking steadily in our direction.

At the top of the hill we crawled under the bush and Owen motioned me ahead of him. He pointed at a big bull in front. The herd was 30 yards from us. As if in slow motion, I pulled myself around to a kneeling position and tried to raise my rifle. I was completely winded from the long crawl, and more than a little frightened. I couldn't hold the rifle steady. Too late. The buffaloes swung around and trotted off in the opposite direction. They covered about 150 yards and stopped.

Owen whispered to stay still. Buffaloes have great audacity, he said,

and sometimes come back to whatever alarmed them. We waited and slowly they began moving back toward us. About 130 yards away they stopped. The big bull was still in front and quartered slightly toward us.

Owen said, "Take him." I whispered, "It's too far. I'll never be able to drop him at this distance." He said, "Sure you can. It's now or never. We won't get another chance at buffalo. Just hold steady and take your time."

I lined up on its shoulder and fought the conviction that I shouldn't be taking this shot. At such long range I knew there was a good chance I might only wound it. But I wasted a buffalo. Greed overcame common sense, and I took the only shot in my hunting experience I am ashamed of having taken.

The bull dropped clean where it stood. The rest of the herd bounced off toward heavy bush. Almost casually, I stood up and reloaded the .458. Then, completely unexpectedly, the bull got up on its feet, shook itself in a brief instant, and galloped toward the stream growth at the bottom of the hill.

On reflex, Owen and I ran after it. It had to cover the distance we'd crawled but it was running apparently unhurt. We each fired two badly aimed shots before it disappeared into the bush.

Just inside the stream growth we found blood. The buffalo was badly wounded, Owen was sure, because it was bleeding very heavily. We had a cigaret to give the animal time to stop, and possibly stiffen, before going after it. Nobody said anything but we couldn't take our eyes off the thick brush ahead of us. It was a tangle of thorny vines, close-knit bushes and hundreds of wiry trees not big enough to climb or get behind but thick enough to cause a lot of trouble.

While we waited, Richard and John Cook pulled up in their jeep. They'd heard the shooting and figured correctly what had happened. They had an extra rifle and three trackers with them. That made the posse 10 people and six rifles. In single file, wriggling between brambles and bushes, we started into the blackness.

For an hour and 40 minutes we kept up the slow, steady pace. The blood trail grew more difficult to follow. Three times we heard the buffalo move ahead but never caught sight of it. As time passed, tension grew. The natives began moving to the back of us, worrying now that we were the hunted. The trail was leading into a narrowing circle, pulling us after it into the thickest growth. I could think of only one thing: with a selfish shot I had endangered the lives of 10 people.

Now the trail disappeared completely. We stopped and Methul, without explanation, took my rifle. Mamu took Bob's and went to the other end of the line. Moving in opposite directions, the trackers began working away from us into the bush. Suddenly Mamu shouted and fired. Straight for us, from not more than 20 feet away, the buffalo roared out of the thicket and into our midst. A native screamed as he was knocked down by the charge.

From all sides of the animal, rifles burst into fire. I saw it lower its horns and rush at Bob. He flung himself head first under a bush as the buffalo whirled around and thundered in my direction. I jumped backward as it passed three feet from me, continued past Richard and straight for Owen. Both barrels exploded at its chest as Owen stood spread-legged facing the charge. With a lunge, the buffalo lowered its massively horned head and hit him with all the power of its 2,000 pounds. Owen screamed, a cry which came from deep inside

continued



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AFRICAN SAFARI

continued

him, as his body was lifted up on the great horn.

The buffalo lowered and raised its head, snorting in its efforts to free itself from the thickets in which its charge had unexpectedly ensnared it. White with terror and balanced astride a horn, Owen clawed at the brambles which had momentarily saved his life. Angriily pawing the earth, the buffalo fought to swing its head in the murderous arc which would thrust its horn into Owen's body. With a final lunge, Owen grabbed for the brambles above him and pulled himself off the horn to safety. At its shoulder Richard sent

shot after shot from his .375 into the buffalo.

Then, as suddenly as it had become entangled, it was free and whirling, started at Richard. He pulled the trigger again. There was only a hollow snap. Bracing the rifle against his hip, he faced the buffalo with one desperate chance that he might ram the muzzle into its eye and on to its brain. From his right, John fired. The buffalo fell at Richard's feet.

We counted 13 bullets in vital areas. Six had penetrated the buffalo's heart. My first had demolished one lung. Owen was badly bruised but not seriously injured. Fortunately, no one else was hurt. The buffalo ended our safari. To hunt any other animal would have been anticlimactic,

and there would not be another buffalo that day.

I rode alone with my thoughts on the long trip back to camp, and for the first time in a month of hunting I accepted a fact which I had been unwilling to admit. Man, with his rifle and his fine mind, may not always claim the victory over the animal he hunts. With an elephant or a buffalo, or even with the cats, the contest is more evenly matched than we like to believe. Because this is so, fear is an emotion which carries with it no shame. And triumph belongs not to the victory over an animal but to the victory over one's self. In Africa I found a land rich with animals and adventure, but danger was there, too.

END

AN AFRICAN LEDGER OF SAFARI FACTS AND FIGURES

MODERN air travel and excellent government organization have put a safari in East Africa within reach of more Americans than ever before. Our safari was outfitted by White Hunters (Africa) Ltd., one of several excellent organizations operating out of Nairobi, Kenya, the safari capital of the world. The reputation of White Hunters was well known to us and we had heard much about Owen McCallum to make us want him for our guide. Most outfitters are booked a year in advance, so it is advisable, particularly if a special hunter is wanted, to plan an African safari early.

Once the reservation is made, an outfitter such as White Hunters Ltd. arranges all details from time of arrival in Nairobi to ultimate departure.

We traveled Scandinavian Airlines, which flies directly to Nairobi from New York or from California. Round-trip first-class fare from New York is \$1,521 per person; \$1,125 tourist. Service is excellent in both classes, but if the budget permits the extra money, first class is less tiring for this two-day and-two-night flight.

White Hunters Ltd. took over upon our arrival at the Nairobi airport. They saw us through customs, were ready with the necessary permits for our firearms and ammunition and secured our hunting licenses. The \$3,500 which we paid for a 30-day safari for two hunters included McCallum's guiding services, tents, food, a full staff of natives, the Willys jeep and a five-ton truck (plus the first 1,200 miles on each), all hunting area permits and a dozen personal services which can't be given a price. This fee did not include beverages (liquor, cola, beer: \$150), extra mileage (\$500), tips (\$100), or our hunting licenses, which broke down as follows: two general licenses (\$140 each), two el-

phant licenses (\$210 each), two rhino licenses (\$112 each), and one leopard and one Masai lion license (\$70 each). We dined and danced away a couple of hundred dollars more in Nairobi's plush Mombasa and Equator clubs.

With us we brought five firearms and 280 rounds of ammunition. In addition to my Winchester .458 we had a Remington Model 721 in .308 H&H for heavy plains game, and a Winchester Model 70 in .308 for smaller antelopes. From White Hunters Ltd. Bob rented a double-barreled British .465 for his big-game hunting. By the end of the trip he was sold on my .458, however, because of its lighter carrying weight and beautiful performance. For it, I had 40 rounds of 510-grain soft-nose and 46 rounds of 500-grain full-patch ammo. We also had 160 rounds of 180-grain Silvertips for the .308 and 100 rounds of 180-grain Core-Lokt soft-points for the .308 H&H. We bought ammunition for our two 12-gauge A. H. Fox doublets in Nairobi, where German shells were available.

Although we were equipped with a Bausch & Lomb 6X scope for the .308 and a B&L 8 for the .508, we found telescopic sights useful in our kind of hunting chiefly for their light-gathering qualities in early morning and late afternoon. One good variable such as the B&L 8, which adjusts instantly from 2½- to 8-power, would have done the job. Good binoculars, of course, are invaluable. Although Owen had a pair of his own, he relied upon our sharper Bausch & Lomb 7x35s almost continually for spotting game and studying terrain.

On the photographic side, we had a 16-mm three-lens-turret motion picture camera and 8,600 feet of Kodachrome; two 35-mm still cameras and four boxes with 120 rolls of color and black-and-

white film, and three light meters. A stock of plastic bags and a pound of Silica Gel protected film and cameras from dampness and excessive dust.

Insects were not generally a problem but on several evenings they caused us trouble. A new U.S. repellent which we brought with us, Mtsa Delphe, was very effective and less messy than most products.

Clothing was the smallest portion of our overweight, which cost \$192 one way—actually no more than shipping our equipment in advance would have cost. Since laundry on safari is done every day, a few changes of underwear, two or three shirts, socks, a pair of dannel pajamas and two pairs of khaki trousers is an ample basic wardrobe. Nights and mornings in Kenya's high country are quite cold and made more uncomfortable by dampness, so a medium-weight sweater and a warm jacket are essential. I even found red flannels welcome on a number of days. Trousers can be custom-made in Nairobi in 24 hours for \$6 a pair, and are as good if not better than any brought from home. Cepe-soled wide hunting shoes can also be made in a day and cost \$8 to \$10. We generally wore these in the morning and switched to sneakers as soon as the grass dried at midday.

At the end of our safari we had 14 trophies which we wanted to bring home. These were dipped and prepared for shipping by Rowland Ward in Nairobi and cost just over \$300 to bring to the U.S., where George Lesser of Johnstown, N.Y., is handling the taxidermy. That bill is still to come, but all in all, we figure our safari cost roughly \$10,000. That's a large sum to spend in six weeks but both Bob and I are convinced that the adventure and beauty which Africa has to offer was more than worth it.



Photograph from the Oscars. Coast Show, NBC-TV

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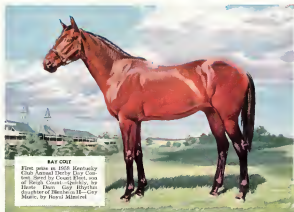
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19TH HOLE The Readers Take Over

JAPAN: SPORTING SCHOLAR

Sirs:

Sports writing reached a new dimension with Herbert Warren Wind's articles on sports in Japan (*The Boning Book*, 81, Feb. 24; *Around the Malberry Bush*, 81, March 3). He should receive the thanks and bows of the world for telling, brilliantly, this story with the powerful and scholarly discernment of a person who understands and can describe the true dimension of sports.

HARRINGTON HARLOW

New York City

E & D: LA PETITE ANNEE

Sirs:

Napoleon said, "An army marches on its stomach," and a platitude was born. For years people have accepted it without question, and yet when a penguin finally has the courage to put it to the test (*E & D*, Feb. 17), his efforts are contemptuously dismissed with the phrase, "Yes, the bird is lost." This is, I feel, a poor attitude to have toward pure research in this post-optimist age.

In view of his unpretentious attire, a penguin, however pure and scientific his intent, is hardly likely to be allowed to follow in the Great Man's footsteps and either advance upon, or retreat from, Moscow. Why then should it evoke surprise that this hardy little bird should attempt the most best thing by marching on the South Pole? He may not have an army but he is certainly marching on his stomach, and of such stuff are disciplines made.

Lost indeed! A pox upon pundits and professors without imagination.

PETER BATTY-SMITH

Vancouver, B.C.

FOCUS: TENNIS BOYS AND GUESSLES

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article *Comes the Tennis Revolution* (81, Feb. 24). What happened at the last USLTA annual meeting was certainly a revolution, and tennis lovers only hope it will sweep away the stuffiness with which American tennis has until now been plagued.

I agree with you regarding the abrupt dropping of Bill Talbert as Davis Cup captain. He did a very excellent job in every way over the past few years as our captain, and it would have been so easy to have arranged it so he could have gracefully retired. We shall miss his brains and industry, and wish Mr. Jones the best of luck as his replacement.

ALASTAIR B. MARTIN

New York City

• Alastair Martin, 1956 U.S. Amateur Court Tennis Singles champion, was vice-chairman of the USLTA Davis Cup Committee.—ED.

Sirs:

Comes the Tennis Revolution makes too much of an issue over what you call the Jacksonian spoils system. There have been other presidents of the USLTA from outside the East, notably Colonel James H. Bishop of Culver Military Academy who served in 1953, 1954 and 1955. Though tennis was born and grew up in the East, it has long been a national game, and Mr. Denny and his fellow officers are merely giving it a national administration. There are many Easterners, Southerners and Middle Westerners on USLTA committees along with those from the Pacific Coast.

Billy Talbert, far from being summarily dismissed, is a member of both the Davis Cup Committee and the Davis Cup Selection Committee, so obviously his talents are needed, and he has not been "brushed aside."

B. C. POTTER

New York City

• Mr. Potter, who writes regularly for *World Tennis* magazine, is in error. At the time *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* article appeared Billy Talbert had not been asked to serve on either Davis Cup Committee. Since then his services have been solicited by USLTA aides.—ED.

SIRS:

THE TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS OF THE STATE OF ARKANSAS IN APPRECIATION FOR A JOB WELL DONE BY EX-DAVIS CUP CAPTAIN BILL TALBERT RAISE THEIR RACKETS IN A 21-GUN SALUTE.

CHARLES N. JONES

PRESIDENT

ARKANSAS STATE TENNIS ASSOCIATION
FORT SMITH, ARK.

Sirs:

As one of the seven members of the last Nominating Committee of USLTA your untrue story makes me boil. We live in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Missouri, Utah and California and were elected by unanimous vote of the entire national association. Most of us had never even met each other until our committee meetings in Forest Hills last September. Victor Denny was first vice-president. He was unanimously nominated on the first ballot and so was every other officer, delegate at large and nominating committee member except two—one six to one and the other five to two on the first vote, both unanimous on the second vote. Any section of the country could nominate others. None was nominated. The election was uncontested and unanimous, resulting in the first truly national slate in the 76 years of USLTA history.

You are extremely unfair to liken committee appointments made for the first

time on a nationwide basis to a Jacksonian spoils system. California has given more to tennis in recent years than any other part of the country but has never before been really recognized association-wise. Why do you fail to mention that a New Yorker is chairman of the Davis Cup Committee, a Bostonian chairman of the Membership Committee, a Pittsburgher chairman of the Junior Development Committee, etc., etc.?

Incidentally, with the article you published a photograph taken two years ago in La Jolla, Calif., with the misleading caption, "West Coast junta, leaders in long campaign to win due position for the west in USLTA, beams confidently." You know full well that you are giving a completely incorrect interpretation of this photograph.

You have done a grand national and international job for amateur tennis in the past. Don't spoil it now by going provincial.

RALPH WESTCOTT

Twin Lakes, Wis.

• Mr. Westcott, a member of the Nominating Committee, has too low a voting point. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* editorial eye focused without jaundice on the recent "revolution" which in effect brought control of U.S. tennis to the West. This change, said the editors, "may well prove as beneficial to national tennis as Andy Jackson's healthy infusion of new blood proved to be for the Republic." As for the picture to which Mr. Westcott objects because it was taken in 1956: it is a fine likeness of Mr. Denny and some of his longtime supporters, all Californians and today all top-level aides in the USLTA. New appointments are the prerogative of a new president and as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* said of Perry Jones, "No man has done more to encourage tennis or to breed new champions in his own ballfield." It is the abrupt manner with which former Captain Talbert was dismissed (reported in *SCOREBOARD*, Feb. 17) that prompted *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to call a foul foot. For a discussion of some of the plans and ideas of the new administration, see *EVENTS & DISCOVERIES*, page 21.—ED.

FOCUS: HOT WORDS ON HOT RODDERS

Sirs:

Your criticism of Dr. James Killian entitled *Glimmering Generality of the Week* (81, Feb. 17) could have been more appropriately called *The Glimmering Asiaticity of the Week*. In my opinion it was strictly a semantic misadventure.

continued



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18TH HOLE continued

As far as I can determine, you are the first national magazine to make a public effort to romanticize the vicious and obnoxious hot rodders.

In our neck of the woods a hot rodder is a gravel-throwing, tire-screwing, law-breaking predator of the highways. He has none of the tinkering virtues that you seem wont to ascribe to him.

It is true that there is a breed of young grease-spattered Americans which in keeping with the future under the tender watchfulness of girls in blue jeans, but they shrink in horror when referred to as hot rodders.

A hot rodder never labored lovingly over anything except a hot accelerator.

AUCKRY W. PREWITT

Lancaster, Ohio

Sirs:

I want to congratulate you for your excellent support of hot rodders in the face of Dr. James R. Killian Jr.'s calling for a national effort to "de-emphasize the hot rodders among our youth and to encourage the hot minds."

I am glad to see that people who are in a position to know do not confuse real hot rodders who are interested in "improving the breed" with the careless, foolish and reckless driver of the new Detroit stock car, which has more horsepower than he is capable of using. The hot rodder is continually being confused with this type, and perhaps Dr. Killian were shown that there is a difference, he would realize that this type of boy would probably be the very type of "hot mind" he is looking for.

I have long thought that if cities would spend proportionately the same amount of money for drag strips, workshops, etc., for boys who have a natural mechanical inclination as they do for those whose talents lie in the athletic field, it would go a long way toward developing these boys into scientists or engineers. The subsidized hot rodder might well turn out to be another Henry Ford, Thomas Edison or Werner von Braun.

FRED I. SUTTON JR.

Kinston, N.C.

TUFF O'REILLY LEADS THE WAY

Sirs:

Three cheers for Tom O'Reilly's article "Lady Luck, I'm Ready!" (SL, Feb. 17).

Because my son (10 years old) can rattle off the Derby winners for the past 10 years and all the Triple Crown winners, the fathers of his friends (whose sons quote batting averages of Mickey Mantle, etc.) believe he's bound to become a delinquent teen-ager. And when on an assignment in school to write a composition on sport he wrote on Thoroughbred breeding, it was suggested by the teacher to his mother that he take up nature study instead.

Herbert Bayard Swope said (*American Race Horses 1926*): "No other sport leads itself so wholly to the vindication of the ego . . . I mean that there is great mental flip in selecting a horse to win a race and have your judgment confirmed by a vic-

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tory. You don't have to bet on him to obtain this glow of self-esteem. . . . But a winning wager helps that vindication. You run the race; you win it; you ride the horse; you train him. There is a complete identification and you get a mental catharsis that should go far to relieving the nervous strains Americans are supposed to suffer from. Get a horse in the cure. Or go to see a horse race. That's a cure for many ills."

I admire Mr. O'Reilly's sartorial splendor, with one exception. I would suggest that he choose a sport jacket without flags on the patch pockets. Much easier for totting the program and the Form.

EDWARD C. REUTEMANN

Troy, N.Y.

Sirs:

Sports are causing the average male enthusiast more harm than therapeutic benefit. I have learned never to advise a patient to take up golf. Few men have natural athletic ability, and most of them try much too hard.

The man over 30 goes forth to battle just as hard as he did when in his 20s. There has to be a contest, money must be wagered and won. Feats of endurance calling for performances far beyond the individual's potential produce nothing but frustration and self-annoyance. I have seen too many men torturing themselves on the golf course, too many needing the stiff alcoholic jolt at the 15th hole to keep themselves from falling on their faces.

Tom O'Reilly has the right attitude. As a horseplayer he dresses properly for the occasion which is to be enjoyed. He proposes to enjoy himself, to be entertained, to have fun. I have seen only one man with the right attitude toward golf, he too an Irishman like O'Reilly. His attitude was regal, his manners charming. He would tee up the ball and haul off. No apologies, no explanations, no comments. He did not pit himself against par. He was out for an afternoon of recreation with congenial companions.

Are today's sports really healthful? The time has come for grown men to leave the competitive spirit at the office. Mr. O'Reilly points the way.

RICHARD H. SHERWOOD, M.D.

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

CORRECTION

SIRS:

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND TIP GORE MUST HAVE BEEN MISUNDERSTOOD BY YOU IN HIS ANSWER, CITED IN YOUR 19TH MILE FEB. 17, TO THE QUESTION ON COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ELIGIBILITY RAISED BY MIDSHEPMAN E. S. DVORNEK. THE RULES OF THE EASTERN COLLEGE ATHLETIC CONFERENCE, IN WHICH THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY HOLDS MEMBERSHIP, PROHIBIT INTERCOLLEGIATE COMPETITION FOR AN UNDERGRADUATE IN ANY PARTICULAR SPORT IN MORE THAN ONE FRESHMAN YEAR. THUS A REPEATING FRESHMAN, WHO HAS HAD OUTSIDE COMPETITION DURING A PREVIOUS ACADEMIC YEAR, IS NOT ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP ON A FRESHMAN TEAM.

ASA BUSHNELL
COMMISSIONER

EASTERN COLLEGE ATHLETIC CONFERENCE
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PAT ON THE BACK



George Kim

Roy W. Johnson

Not often has a coach received so unique an honor as has Roy Johnson. While still a member of the faculty at the University of New Mexico he has had a modern, \$2.5 million gymnasium and swimming pool named after him. But New Mexico's regard for Roy Johnson had been building up since 1929. That was the year Johnson moved from Michigan to the South-

west to recover from the effects of gas poisoning suffered in World War I. He took over as the one-man physical education department at the university. With a school enrollment of only 227, no gymnasium and no football field, Johnson faced what seemed to him a challenge. The athletic program Coach Johnson built with Swedish determination has won him the admi-

ration and affection of his students and co-workers and the nickname Ironhead. The dedication last December of the Johnson Gymnasium showed the depth of their affection.

Roy Johnson's three children graduated from UNM, and probably some of his nine grandchildren will do so too. It is easy to understand what emotions are involved when, asked about retirement this June, he says, "I have a track team to get ready for spring. After that I'll start retiring."



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